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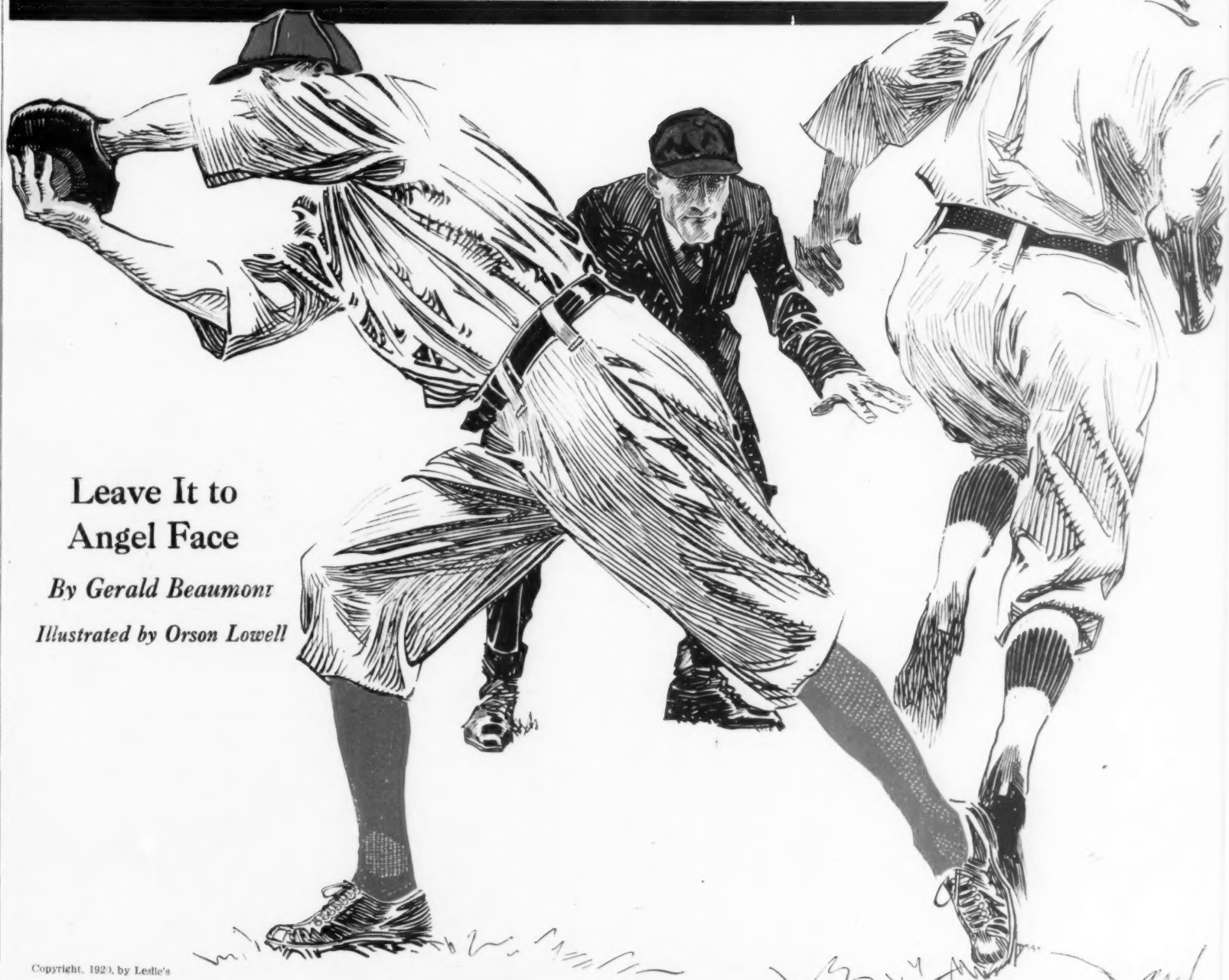
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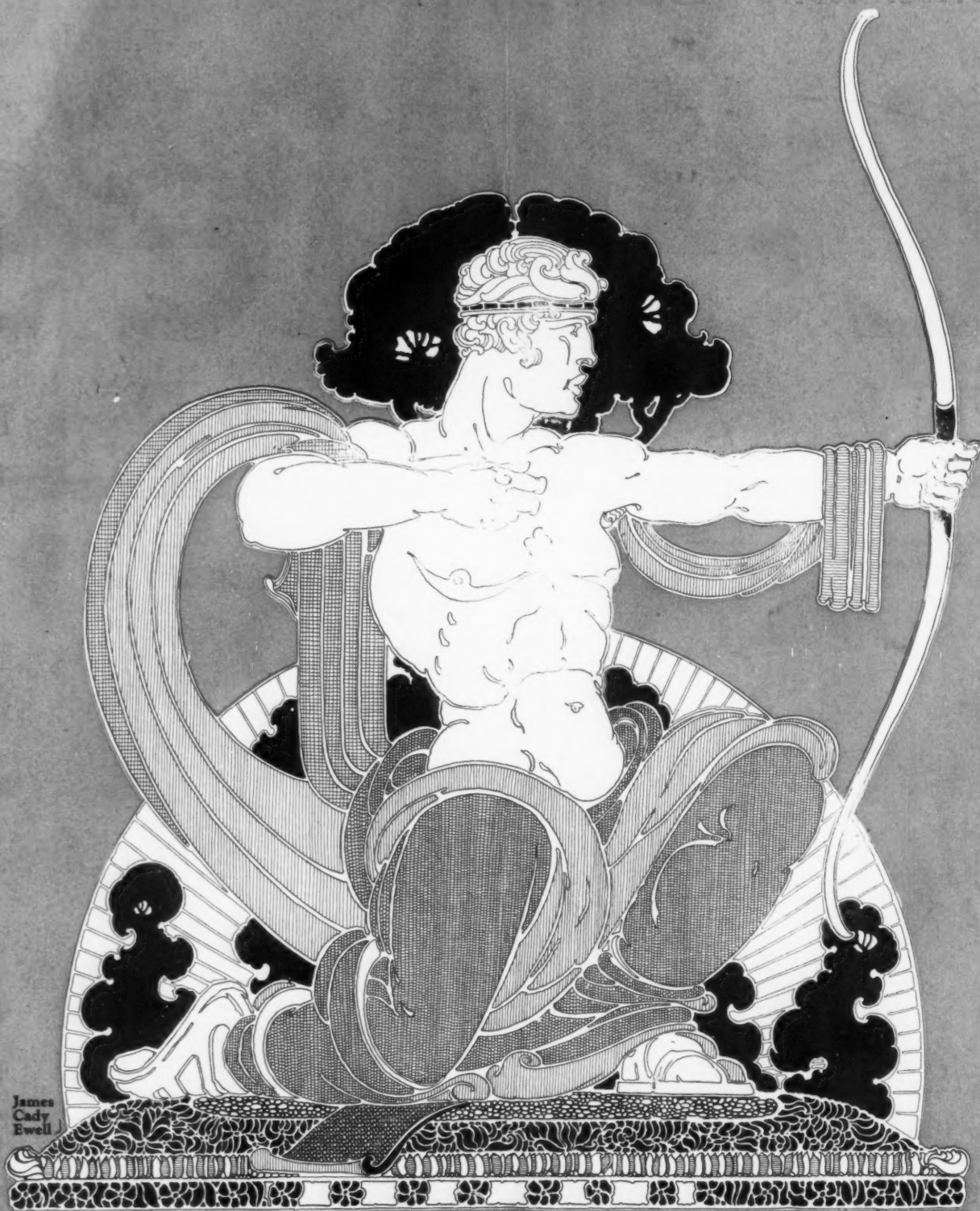
**Leave It to
Angel Face**

By Gerald Beaumont

Illustrated by Orson Lowell

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"Quick as Randall had been, some one on that ball field had moved faster, and that some one was 'Long Tom' Henderson."



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Leslie's Illustrated Weekly Newspaper



JOHN A. SLEICHER
Editor-in-Chief

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Leave It To Angel-Face

By GERALD BEAUMONT

Illustrated by ORSON LOWELL

HIS unclad figure sprawled face downward on the rubbing-table, "Long Tom" Henderson, winner of the opening day's pitching duel, lay with closed eyes and every nerve quivering under the strain of an infinite weariness. Above him, moving with the deftness of the professional trainer, "Blinker" Burke rubbed and kneaded the protesting muscles, sluiced cool alcohol over the heaving shoulders and the sun-baked neck, and beat with the edge of his open hands a sharp tattoo on calves and thighs. The air of the little room was foul with the odor of liniment and perspiring flesh.

"How's it, Tom?" The trainer's voice was anxiously solicitous.

The man on the table groaned and rolled over. "A bit more on the legs, Blinker," he grunted—"they're all knotted up. Fifteen innings on the opening day—can you beat it? Three hours and twelve minutes—just waiting me out—that's what they were doing—not a man taking the first or the second ball—just making me pitch to them, figuring I couldn't stand the pace—"

"But you fooled 'em Tom—leave it to the old boy."

"Eighth time, Blinker—eighth time 'Long Tom' has won the opener for this club—hope the boys will hit better behind me next year, though. Fifteen innings—fifteen—" His voice trailed off into a tired and protesting mumble.

"Blinker" redoubled his efforts, but every pat of his hand, every touch of the fingers on the once pliant muscles of the man stretched before him told its story. "Long Tom" Henderson was slipping—the resiliency of youth was already gone.

It was a familiar story to the trainer grown gray in the service of the Wolves. For twenty years "Blinker" Burke had prepared human bodies for sacrifice on the altar of the great god of baseball. Bushers and veterans, stars and substitutes—he handled them all much as a tailor measures off material, estimating the quality and the probable length of service of each human body over which he toiled. Many a ball-player came to "Blinker" in the full flush of virile youth, and the trainer rejoiced in the feel of pliant sinews, soft as silk and yet capable as springs of finest steel. Sometimes they passed from under his care more vigorous and well-oiled than ever; more often they remained, to dry up like a

sponge from which the last drop of youth has been squeezed. When that time came the trail to the bushes loomed just ahead, and the trail was short.

"Long Tom" assumed a sitting posture and draped a towel about his waist.

"Fifteen innings," he reiterated dully; "time was when I could have blanked them in nine. Let me out, Blinker, or they'll be busting in the door."

He edged into the main dressing-room through a lane of tired men waiting for their turn on the rubbing-table, and picked his way across a floor littered with towels, uniforms and suitcases. When half-dressed, he noted a slim figure moving toward the clubhouse exit and called to him. The youngster approached, grip in hand.

"Nice work, 'Babe,'" said "Long Tom." "When Parker got hurt in the eighth and the Chief sent you in, I figured I was done for, but you certainly caught a

swell game, you—" He bent puzzled eyes on the youngster's left hand, the palm of which was pink and puffed a half inch out of proportion. "What's the matter with the mitt?"

The owner of the swollen hand grinned. "Fast balls—that's what's the matter. I'm telling you, you were burning 'em in! No padding in my glove, and I didn't dare take a chance with any other." He blew cool air upon the burning skin.

"Long Tom" whistled sympathetically. "You mean to tell me you had no padding in your glove while you were calling for me to cut loose? Why didn't you ask me to slow up?"

"Because they couldn't hit your fast ball—that's why," explained the catcher; "when I'm working with a guy, I want him to give me the best he's got. As soon as I put on a little more weight, it won't jar me so much. Meanwhile, I guess I can

stand it."

"You want to get a beefsteak," advised "Long Tom" earnestly.

"Sure," agreed the younger; "I eat one every night—that and French fried—"

"No, no," corrected "Long Tom," "a raw steak to put in your glove. It will heal your hand and at the same time take up all the shock. There was a guy that used to catch me in Brooklyn who first pulled that stunt. I'll tip you off to a way he had, too, of blocking a guy off the plate, that was a bear. Say, are you married?"

"No."

"Located yet?"

"No."

"Well," said "Long Tom," "of course you can suit yourself, but most of the boys double up and take rooms in the officials' hotels around the circuit, where we get cut rates. I used to have "Red" Smith as my room-mate before he went to St. Louis. Now, if you don't mind snoring, why—"

"Great stuff," enthused "Babe." "I'm sure much obliged. You don't need to worry about snoring. I bat .400 myself in that league. Where do we eat?"



And in such simple manner was fashioned the bond of friendship between "Long Tom" Henderson, veteran twirler of the Coast League Tigers, and "Babe" Randall, the smartest young catcher who ever donned a mask in the minors. It was a friendship born of mutual respect and admiration, and a common love of the great outdoors. There was no trick of the diamond that "Long Tom" Henderson had not mastered. He taught them all to his battery-mate, and "Babe" mastered them quickly. In return, the young catcher developed an extraordinary facility for getting out from behind the plate after a bunted ball.

Fielding his position was "Long Tom's" weak point—particularly a bunted ball that was in too close for the third baseman and out too far for the ordinary catcher; a teasing, baffling, slowly rolling ball that called for supple legs and a sound back working in unison to beat the flying runner headed for first.

The Oaks tried to bunt Henderson off the field and into retirement, but Randall broke up play after play by flashing out into the pitcher's territory. Fitzsimmons of the Beavers risked his reputation on a bunt along the first base line, and "Long Tom's" battery-mate threw the runner out by two full steps.

After that, when Randall was working behind the plate, opposing teams did not take advantage of Henderson's weakness on bunted balls. "Long Tom" was duly appreciative and said so.

"Shucks," commented the catcher, "if I ever get into the big money, it will be because of your help. You and me are fifty-fifty. One of these days we'll grab ourselves a section down in the Imperial Valley and go to farming."

"Now you're talking," said "Long Tom," "hogs and alfalfa with a dairy on the side and someone to—"

"We can do all the work ourselves, Tom; we don't need no help unless maybe it's a Chinaman to do the cooking."

"Long Tom" flushed slightly under the tan. "I hate Chink cooking," he confessed. "I was merely thinking that maybe—I was just thinking of something else," he concluded lamely. "I'm thirty-five, you know."

"Babe" Randall did not see the relevancy of his friend's remark. He was engaged at that moment in his daily task of oiling the short, chunky bludgeon with which he had batted his way into the charmed circle of .300 hitters.

But "Long Tom" Henderson stared dreamily into space, and the vision that came to him had nothing to do with hogs or alfalfa, or even baseball.

"POP" DUGAN'S chop house was on Main Street just above Sixth, where electric trains spread out for mountains and seashore like the five fingers of your hand. There were many pictures on the walls, framed photographs, all of ball players, for "Pop" had at various times in his eventful career been a pitcher, an outfielder, and one of the Coast League's few respected umpires.

To have your picture anywhere on the south wall, between those of "Roaring Bill" Slattery and "Mysterious" Miller, was to be listed among the immortals, but to be posted up by the entrance opposite the cash register and the toothpick holder—ah, that was to bask in the smile of Dugan's daughter and to be the envy of all good men and true who wield the ash and hurl the horseshoe, and at evenings gather at "Pop's" for arguments and rib steaks medium.

The day after the Tigers took a double header from the Oaks, thereby moving into first place, the photo of "Babe" Randall was moved from the south wall to a point nearer the door and not two inches distant from a picture which bore in a large irregular hand the inscription "Yours truly, Tom Henderson."

Among those who noticed the change were "Pop" Dugan and ninety per cent. of his regular patrons. No one was surprised. Were not "Long Tom" and "Babe" battery-mates—room-mates—twin stars in the Tiger constellation? What more natural than that Norah Dugan should afford them equal honor in the gallery of the elect?

"But Angel-Face," cautioned "Pop," "Norah darlin'—don't get your signals crossed—they're both fine lads and steady customers. You can't have two runners on the one bag, mind."

"Can't I?" retorted Norah, "well, you just leave it to Angel-Face!" And to Norah with her violet eyes, flaxen hair and seraphic smile—was left the decision.

The same night, when the battery-mates dropped in for their regular onslaught against the city's supply of rib steaks she got her first test as an umpire.

"There is a swell show on at the Grand," said "Long Tom," "I was thinking, Angel-Face, that since Babe here is going to turn in early tonight, you and I might—"

"Off your foot—" interjected Randall, "off your foot, you big hay-baler; Angel-Face and I are going to the dance at Venice—she promised."

"I did not," said Angel-Face; "you boys are coming

out to my house. 'Pop' has got me a ouija board and you are going to help me run it."

Of course they did as she commanded, and the mysteries of the "master-mind" impressed them deeply. They learned among other things that the Tigers would certainly win the pennant and that "Babe" Randall would finish the season in the .300 class of hitters. To the question of whether "Long Tom" would win the next opener the ouija entered a negative. Angel-Face insisted that there must be some mistake, and they tried it again with the same result.

A little later, when they demanded to know over the girl's laughing protest, the identity of the future "Mr. Angel-Face" the board spelled out "S-A-F-E."

"Good night," sighed Randall; "she's going to marry 'Bull' Feeney. He's been umpiring for twenty years and all he ever says is 'Safe!' I nailed a guy by twenty feet the other day and—"

"I'm not going to marry any one," declared Angel-Face, "I'm going to play it safe, like the board says. Now run along home, both of you—and if you don't beat the Saints tomorrow, I'll take both your pictures off the wall."

But as the season progressed the rôle of benevolent neutrality presented many perplexities, and a fine vertical line made its appearance between Norah Dugan's eyebrows. "Long Tom" called for her on his day off and they went into the country and talked about farm life in the Imperial Valley. "Babe" Randall appropriated her on afternoons when J. Pluvius interfered with the schedule.

"What did I tell you?" "Pop" Dugan mourned, when she confided her worry. "You must choose between them quickly or they will be at each other's throats, and the club will wind up in the cellar."

"But I love them both—" "Oh, ay," said her father, "but the play calls for a decision one way or the other. A man is safe or he is out. Now here you have a tie base and two runners and they are both on the home club. You must call it the way you see it, darlin'."

"But I don't see—" she complained. "Then," advised the former umpire, "by the power of Dinty Carroll's right arm I would give the decision to the side that it helped the most!"

LATE in August, after the Tigers had returned from a road trip that put the club ten points in the lead, Henderson sought out Norah Dugan to tell her that he had found his farm in the rich El Centro section and had made the first payment. His usually solemn face was radiant.

"Oh, Angel-Face, it's class double A; it's the goods I'm tellin' the world—forty acres with the water rights—a little bungalow on a hill under the cottonwoods and—"

He broke off abruptly, his eyes on the paper she had been reading. It was open at the sporting page. There was a picture of "Babe" Randall crouched behind a plate, his hands extended, waiting for the ball. A seven-column line read: "Major league scouts are bidding for Coast League idol." A smaller head, underneath, ran: "Fame and fortune await young star."

Angel-Face folded the paper quickly and looked up as a child does who is caught in some act of mischief. Her soft eyes were trouble-cast.

"I'm so glad you've found what you've always wanted, Tom," she told him; "do tell me all about it."

But his enthusiasm was dissipated and he found difficulty in describing the place that a moment before had fired his imagination. Finally he changed the subject:

"I will write tonight to McGraw. If any one gets 'Babe' it should be the Giants. New York is a wonderful city, Angel-Face, and the Kid is a real major leaguer—the sweetest young catcher in the business."

"But I thought you wanted him to take up ranching with you?" Angel-Face put the question with averted eyes.

"I did," confessed "Long Tom," "but I was only thinking about myself. 'Babe' is a major leaguer—and—you are, too!"

"What about yourself, Tom?" she protested softly.

"Girlie, I've had my fling at the big time—now I'm headed for the bushes—and it's natural for a man to think of home, and a wife and kiddies—but that shouldn't blind him to the fact that others can still play ball."

Norah Dugan smiled through her tears. "Tom," she exclaimed, "you talk like you were an old man, and you're the leading pitcher of the Pacific Coast. Why—it's you who may go to the majors instead of 'Babe'."

He shook his head. "No, Angel-Face—the ouija was right. If I ever go to the majors it will be to see 'Babe' Randall working behind the bat in a world's series. I'd crawl there on my hands and knees to see that."

Angel-Face beat her hands softly together in distress. "You mustn't lose heart, Tom—you're too big and fine a man—wait until October when everybody's looking to

you to cinch the flag for the Tigers—then the scouts will be seeking you, too."

He smiled down at her ruefully. "I love to hear you talk like that, Angel-Face, but I'm slipping and the Big Chief knows it just as well as I do. Tomorrow morning the papers will have the whole story."

"What story?" she demanded in quick alarm. "Lawlor has traded me to the Wolves for a shortstop. I'm going north tomorrow."

"No!"

"Yes," he assured her gravely, "the Chief is right. He needs a shortstop worse than his right eye since Johnson got hurt, and you know I lost my last two starts. Oh, I'm not out of the league—I'll be back here once in a while, but it will be with a third-place club. Are you sorry, girlie?"

"I think it's p-perfectly dread-ful," quavered Angel-Face, "and I don't know whether I'd like New York nearly as well as—as—"

"As what?" he asked, puzzled; "you surely wouldn't want to see 'Babe' go to St. Louis or any of the Western clubs—they don't pay nothing like the Giants."

"I wasn't thinking of that," she protested—"Oh, Tom, you're such a dear stupid, sometimes."

"I know," he admitted; "you see the pitchers don't have to take skull practice like the infield. I didn't get you at all."

"Don't you want to?" she asked archly.

"Long Tom" crimsoned. "I'm leaving that to you, Angel-Face," he said; "as between the majors where you and 'Babe' belong, and the bushes where I am headed—it wouldn't be fair for me to urge you one way or the other. On the face of it, girlie, the situation calls for me to advance two runners on a sacrifice play. That's good baseball."

"I think I prefer a home run."

"Well," he said, "it's up to you, Angel-Face. I want you to be happy."

THE following Tuesday, Coast League fans made two important discoveries with the aid of the astute gentry in the press box. One was that "Brick" McGovern, manager of the Wolves, had started a belated rush for the pennant that promised to cut down the Tigers' lead to an extent none had thought possible. "Long Tom" Henderson, in a Wolf uniform, sat with McGovern on the bench, enjoying a thorough rest before starting under his new colors.

"When I send you in there, Tom," McGovern confided, "you're going to be right, and you're going to win. Nobody ever got the best of me on a trade. We'll beat the Tigers out of the pennant, if it's the last act of my life."

The big pitcher said nothing. It was a contingency that he had never anticipated—the possibility that he might become a party to tumbling "Babe" Randall's club out of the lead. The idea appalled him, for the pennant bonus to the winning club meant \$500 per player, enough for "Babe" and Angel-Face to make a start with.

"Spike" Pollard, dean of the sporting scribes, made the second discovery.

"Boys," said he, "Randall has hit safely in seventeen straight games. There are thirty more games in the schedule. If he hits safely every day, that will be forty-seven consecutive games or one more than the world's record. Will that make him a drawing card? Well, I guess yes!"

"He won't hit tomorrow," observed Darrow, of the *Star*, gloomily. "The Bears are going to work Jennings, and the Kid never could connect with a left-hander."

But the following day Randall *did* hit safely, and the next day, likewise.

A week later, the Associated Press began sending out three-line squibs that appeared at the bottom of sporting pages all over the country. The baseball world, which loves nothing better than to watch a new record in the making, sat up and took notice. Thirty-one games straight, thirty-two—thirty-three. And then the Pacific Coast League was treated to a second sensation. The Wolves clawed their way through a double-header and into second place, took four straight from the Beavers and invaded the South for the last week of the season only seven points behind the Tigers, who were their opponents in the crucial series.

Major league "ivory hunters" swarmed around the ball park in the afternoon, and at night gathered in the lobby of the hotel where the Wolves were domiciled. Rumors of trades, sales and options followed one another with such rapidity that veteran newspapermen grew dizzy. Randall was the inspiration for most of the rumors. One paper said he had been bought by the Braves for \$15,000 cash. Another announced that the Giants had agreed to give the Tigers two pitchers and a whole outfield.

Andy Lawlor, grizzled pilot of the leaders, looked wise and made no move to contradict the rumors. He was shrewd enough to know that every day while the club

held its slender grip on the top of the ladder and "Babe" continued to hit safely at least once, the youngster's value as a drawing card was piling up.

Meanwhile the city got out its brass bands, its rooting clubs, its civic enthusiasm and prepared to put fresh heart in the tiring Tigers. The South had not enjoyed a pennant in many years and its pride was aroused. But the feverish flush that spread over the city awakened no corresponding thrill in "Long Tom" Henderson. A year ago, his muscles would have quickened and his nostrils dilated as those of an old war-horse to whom the whiff of powder comes from across the field of battle.

Now for the first time he felt depressed and anxious, and his concern was not for the safety of his own club but for that of the Tigers who had cast him off—the Tigers who were his opponents—in short, "Babe" Randall's team.

On the one hand, Henderson wanted the Tigers to win because of old associations, because of "Pop" Dugan, because of "Babe" Randall, and because of "Angel-Face," whose happiness he was sure was linked with his chum's success on the diamond. But on the other hand, "Long Tom" loved baseball with all the artless sincerity of his quiet temperament. Loyalty to his friends and his team was as fundamental with him as cleanliness of speech, and no one had ever heard "Long Tom" swear. "Brick" McGovern was now his employer and his friend, and as boss of the Wolves, "Brick" was out to drag down the Tigers in the very last stride of the race. The big pitcher sighed and kept away from Angel-Face and his former battery-mate.

"Pop" Dugan chanced upon him outside the park on the third afternoon of the week, just after the Wolves had hammered the offerings of three Tiger twirlers all over the lot and were only two victories behind the leaders.

"Easy there, you big man," "Pop" upbraided, "for why do you run away—have I called a bad play on you?"

"It isn't that, 'Pop,'" "Long Tom" returned, "I haven't got the heart to face you all—like this. I'd never have stood for the trade, if I had thought I'd be one day helping to beat the old town out of the flag. How does Angel-Face feel about it?"

"I don't know," "Pop" Dugan said slowly; "I don't know. She's at every game, but she isn't saying much, which is unusual in women. When do you work?"

"Sunday," said Henderson; "it's the last day. Roth will go back at them tomorrow and Sweeney on Saturday. That leaves it up to me. I'm dreading to have to face the Kid."

"Oh, aye," nodded Dugan; "he hit safe again today. 'Tis his forty-fourth game. What a hand the bleachers gave him. Let's see, if you work in the last game and the Kid catches for us, which of course he will do, that means not alone the flag but the forty-seventh hitting game for 'Babe,' and a world's mark. Do you make it that way?"

"I do," the pitcher agreed, "and," he added slowly, "that is what worries me."

"Why should you be afraid, you big man?"

"Because," Henderson explained patiently, "'Babe' will not get a hit off me. I know his weakness."

THE prayers of the Sons of Swat were answered. The Wolves, hitting like fiends, took two more games and on Saturday evening were neck and neck with the bewildered leaders.

Sunday morning stole over the city at the heels of a heat wave—scorching and oppressive.

"Made to order for the old soup-bone," "Long Tom" assured himself. "This is Henderson weather and



He prodded his former team-mate with the toe of his shoe. "You," he hissed, "You—the squeeze play—don't you get the signals?"

'Brick' knows it. The only way I can get out of working is to break a leg in the first inning."

As he left his hotel for a morning stroll, a newsboy, with a bundle of early sporting extras, shrieked at him: "Official line-ups for the afternoon's game. Get your score card on page four."

He bought a paper, and almost the first thing that caught his eye was a headline: "'Babe' Randall out with a split finger. Loses chance to break world's record."

The pitcher remained rooted to the spot while he read the few lines in boldface type. His first sensation was one of keen sympathy for the young catcher—swift realization of what it meant to Randall to have a world mark almost within his grasp and to lose it through no fault of his own. The next instant a wave of relief swept over him—Fate had decreed that the responsibility for shattering the youngster's record should not rest with "Long Tom."

"Now," muttered the pitcher, "if it would cloud up and rain, the whole problem would be solved." He scowled at the flawless sky with puckered eyes. "No chance—no chance a-tall. 'Brick' always was a fool for luck. If 'Lefty' Wilson is in form it will be a pitcher's battle, and I'm feeling pretty dog-gone good."

By one o'clock the red cars that passed "Pop" Dugan's place bearing the legend "Direct to the Ball Grounds," were running four minutes apart and loaded to the guard-rails. An automobile parade of rooters headed by the brass band and Mayor Rufus T. Penfield wound through the down-town district.

As "Pop" remarked: "The town was as crazy as 'Wild Bill' Cassidy before he got religion."

"Now, mind," Tim Riordan warned, as he buckled on his umpire's armor and attacked the homeplate with a

whiskbroom, "Feeney calls all plays in the field except at the rubber—that's something I look out for. And another thing—nobody makes a goat out of me today before a mob like this. Do you get me?"

"I do," was the grim reply of "Red" Carmichael, catcher for the Tigers; "and listen to me, Tim, if we lose again today because you don't call 'em when they're over, you'd better tell me what's your favorite flower, for you'll never get out of this park alive."

"Is that so?" hissed the man in blue. "My eyes are better than yours, and there will be no funeral unless I have to swing on you with my mask. Listen to my pipes, will you—" He lifted his face to the packed grandstand. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he bellowed, "the batt'ries for today's game—for the Wolves—Henderson and Hawley; for the Tigers—Wilson and Carmichael. Batter up!"

The band crashed into a rollicking air; the fielders moved into their places; Moody, lead-off man for the Wolves, took his stand in the batter's box; and "Lefty" Wilson, glancing over his shoulder to make sure that everything was set, took the full wind-up and a streak of white flashed past the batter's breast.

"Strike."

The game was on!

The luck of the diamond is a curious thing. Sometimes it rests with the pitchers and every ball that is hit is driven into the hip pocket of some fielder who couldn't get out of the way if he tried. At other times, the best twirlers in the world will go down under an avalanche of freak hits that are more accident than design; balls that hop badly when they near the infielders, or Texas leaguers that dent the turf in the exact spot no outfielder can reach.

Fortune favored "Long Tom" Henderson and "Lefty" (Continued on page 92)

EDITORIAL

JOHN A. SLEICHER
EDITOR

"STAND BY THE FLAG IN GOD WE TRUST"

CHARLES AUBREY EATON
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Mr. Wilson's Moral Insinuation

IN his keynote address before the San Francisco Convention, Mr. Homer Cummings, who is always a gallant defender of the faith as he sees it, bemoans the lack of sympathy shown by our Congress and country toward President Wilson in his long and serious illness. The Convention itself let the President know that it was suffering from shock because of a "malignant onset" upon him by "partisan foes."

Whatever their politics may be, the people of this country are agreed that the illness of President Wilson has been a calamity earnestly regretted by all. But how could they send messages of sympathy when no one was permitted to know the nature of Mr. Wilson's illness, or, for long months, whether he was really ill or not? Indeed to this very hour the whole matter is shrouded in mystery. If those responsible, who ever they may have been, had let the people know at once, with frankness, that their Chief Executive had broken down beneath his heavy burdens and was seriously ill, political friend and foe alike would have vied with each other in evidences of sympathy. You cannot suddenly lock the President of the United States away from all contact with his people, refusing even to let them know whether the seclusion is due to illness or not, and expect them to be unduly vociferous in their expressions of sympathy.

A Tragic Figure

It was Mr. Wilson's fortune to play a great part in a great and tragic world drama. He was called upon to carry crushing burdens and responsibilities. For a time he was easily the first citizen of the world and it seemed that he would become the leader of mankind in the founding of a new social and political order. He lost his chance. His health broke down. His own countrymen turned against him and his policies. And the world which had acclaimed him as a second Messiah sorrowfully surrendered the hopes which he had kindled in the minds of backward peoples. Whatever the final verdict of history, Mr. Wilson will stand as one of the world's tragic figures distinguished by his failures.

Mr. Wilson failed not because of "malignant onsets" by partisan foes, but because of a curious and fatal lack in his own nature. He seems incapable of a right moral reaction to the great events in which he had to play so conspicuous a part.

There are many truths which cannot be known and understood by the moral sense alone. They carry the faculty of cold reason beyond its depth. Such was the truth which lay at the bottom of the great war. The issue was a moral issue. The Germans were beaten because they arrayed against themselves the moral sense of mankind.

Where He Failed

It was Mr. Wilson's misfortune that he did not show a moral reaction to this greatest of all moral issues. He called for neutrality in thought between what his countrymen recognized as right and wrong. He "kept us out of war" when we ought to have been in war. And later he kept us out of peace when we ought to have achieved peace by victory.

Then, in the days of settlement, after the armistice, he was lured by principles and purposes which violated the moral sense of his own countrymen, until he had lost contact with them.

Government in America is the expression of the judgment and moral sense of the majority. Nothing can be done unless the people want it. Nothing that they want done will long remain undone.

Mr. Wilson is and has been out of touch with this compelling force. This is his and our misfortune. If it has brought failure to his hopes and purposes, as it has, it is folly to blame that failure upon "malignity." It is no more malignant than the common dislike for sour apples. The people see certain necessary things to be done. They want those things done. Mr. Wilson has, or seems to have, a different view. That is his right. But the view of the people will prevail.

Imposing Ideal of Interchurch

THE failure of the Interchurch World Movement is the more pronounced both because its ideals were well beyond criticism and because it seemed keyed to the psychological moment. The original suggestion came from a New York business man shortly after Foch had been made Allied Generalissimo, and the tide of victory had turned toward the Allies. This man asked if it would not be good ecclesiastical strategy to have similar unified direction of the church's program. At this moment problems and opportunities created by the war were calling to the church. The response was the Interchurch Movement, providing not for organic unity, but for practical coöperation of the denominations. The program was not to be a hit-or-miss affair, but based upon scientific and comprehensive surveys of conditions not alone in America but throughout the world. It promised a truly international outlook hitherto impossible by single denominational mission boards. It stood for the elimination of competition in religious work. The whole task was to be divided among the denominations. Coöperation was the word of the hour in war and in industry. Now, at last, the churches were going to coöperate.

Tragic Failure of the Movement

Although the world needs at this time a movement with the ideals of the Interchurch, this movement failed, largely because this is no time to raise millions. The public detests the word "drive." During the war "drives" of all sorts were worked to the utmost limit of the people's capacity. In recent months a few of the college appeals have succeeded, but most of them have fallen far short of the goal. Practically all other drives have failed. In its war work the Salvation Army stood at the highest point in the public estimation, but it failed along with the rest in its recent appeal for only ten millions. The Interchurch expected a great body of "friendly citizens," outside the church, to come to the help of the Lord to the tune of forty or sixty millions. Three millions only were realized from this group, proving again that it is church members who support philanthropic and religious work. The Interchurch Movement was promoted too rapidly and on too large a scale to secure the support of the conservative element in the churches. Indeed, it has been made the victim of the conflict between conservative and progressive factions within certain denominations.

What the Man of the Street Thinks

Frankly, the man of the street, who may not understand all the niceties of the case, feels discouraged over the failure of the Interchurch. After all the "fuss" made over it, its publicity and advertising unparalleled in amount, the average man hasn't much hope for coöperative enterprises in the future. The "friendly citizens" would have been better pleased, probably, if the Movement had stood for organic union. The man not in the church can't see any valid reason for so many different denominations. And he doesn't have much patience with the denominations that have not been able to sink their petty differences and work together.

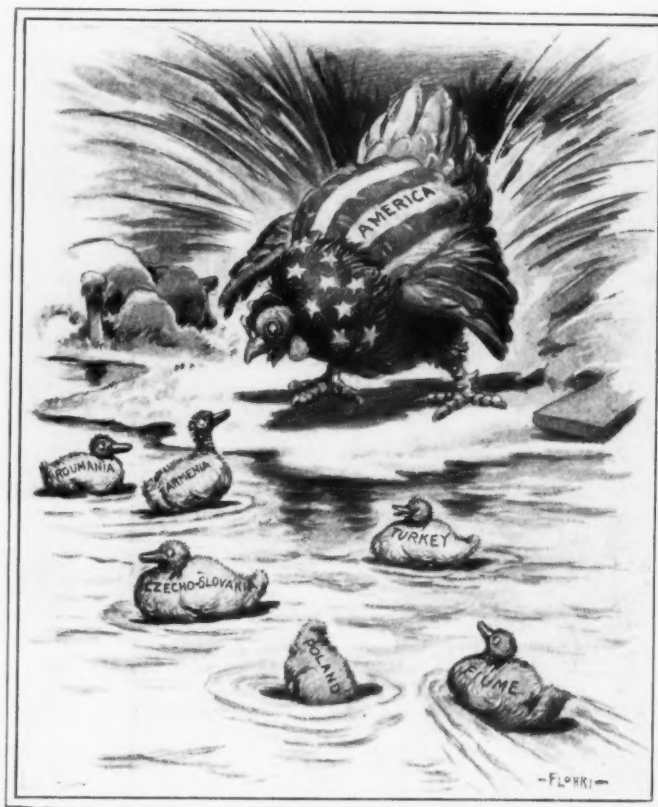
The Interchurch World Movement failed, not because its principles and ideals are not as sound today as they were a year ago, but because it failed to collect forty million dollars. It contributed, nevertheless, very largely to the success of the denominations in their drives. Despite the psychology of the hour the people in the churches were not quite ready for a movement on such broad lines and so aggressively promoted the Interchurch.

A Jest That Never Stales

WE like books of memoirs for the way they remind us of history's repetitions and international eternities. In a memoir relating to the administration of President Hayes, we learn that in 1887, in a burlesque Fourth of July speech, a certain Mr. Brooks of Cambridge, Mass., made the following toast the climax of his peroration:

"I propose the toast, 'The United States!—bordered on the north by the aurora borealis, on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the procession of equinoxes, and on the south by eternal chaos!'"

The jest about Mexico is one that never stales, though it must have been first sprung in 1822. We are sometimes moved to pity Russia—but not when we think of the hapless lot of one whose fortunes lie in Mexico, where turbulence has been a commonplace of existence for nearly a hundred years!



She never will understand ducks

Drawn by E. FLOHRI



America's Hope Against the Lipton Challenger

The *Resolute*, her every graceful line a joy to the eye, swerving magnificently round the buoy during one of the recent test races with the almost equally fleet *Vanitie*. Here the artist who manipulated the camera has done what the cubists and others have

unsuccessfully tried to do. He has put *motion*—swift, glorious motion—in an unforgettable picture of the yacht which is now fighting hard to prevent Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, *Shamrock IV*, from taking the America's Cup back to England.

Russian Refugees and Their German Gehenna

By

LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND

Leslie's Staff Correspondent in Europe

HOW many Russian exiles are there flung upon the world?

Not even in Germany, where statistics are painstakingly collected by methodical bureaucrats for the pure love of statistification, does any one apparently know how many Russian exiles, voluntary, involuntary, and nebulous, are within the borders of the state. In France there are Russians, names once to conjure with in the old Tsaristic days, figures who cling pathetically to the physical manifestation of maintaining the old embassy building in Paris where their aristocratic tottering heel-treads echo through the empty halls as ghostly reminders of a one-time gallant spur-clicking. And there are Russians in Montmartre, rudderless, superficially gay, enjoying, as has always the Russian in the Western world, a certain *flair* of mystery—especially women. They have been selling their diamonds all the way across Europe. Strangers with a soft Slav lisp stop you in the hotel corridors and hold out a handful of diamonds in a piece of newspaper.

Russian. Everywhere

There are Russians in England, there are Russians on the Riviera, there are Russians even in Spain, and thousands upon thousands of Russians have exiled themselves to Constantinople, where they can look upon the dome of Sophia and ponder upon the Russian dream of the centuries, that some day a Russian moujik would tear down the Crescent and nail up once again the Cross. This dream seemed very near when it was neatly put down in the writing of the secret treaty with the Entente that the holy city was to go to Orthodoxy. (The word "mandate" was not then in common parlance.) In the meantime, they can sit up all night in the night clubs, and sleep all day, which has always been a favorite arrangement of hours by a Russian. And China knows the wandering, homeless Russian; and Yokohama is infinitely nearer Russianization today than it ever was when the Tsar's legions took the oath to beat down the Japanese gates.

Not alone in the world beyond the borders of Muscovy has Russia had her refugees. In the early days of the war I saw that vast *trek* of bewildered men, women and children moving across the endless roads from the war areas. Not thousands, but millions—uncounted millions. I wrote something of that story for LESLIE'S, a fearfully inadequate picture of those long trails marked by the simple crosses of the dead, buried hastily by night. This locust horde carried devastation eastward, eastward. The stench from the plague-swept multitude was carried on the breeze, striking terror into the hearts of the countryside before the approach. The half-grown crops were dug by fingers and eaten raw, and the polluted rain water of the fields was caught up in the palms of hands as they staggered on. These millions shrunk in numbers to thousands, an unwanted, unwelcome problem. Shifted and driven like cattle, they spread over the villages and cities of the steppes from Kiev to Vladivostok.

To go back to Germany and the present day—yes, the



It is the work of the bell-chimer to charm the ears of some thousands of his countrymen into the delightful illusion, perhaps, that once again they are at home.

committee, and had subscribed a sum to buy some clothes and underwear for the Russian women.) It was quickly arranged that I should go along. Prince Nikolai Kropotkin was also of the party. The Prince, as the registry of royalty shows, is a direct descendant of King Rurik I. In appearance and personality, in the large and in the minutiae, he fits into the exact picture of our romantic, based-upon-fiction conception of just what a Russian noble of the Tsar's court on the Neva should have been.

It proved to be a full day's motoring to reach the camp at Altengrabow, formerly a permanent army barracks. Considering that we were, in a way, making an inspection, the German officers in charge of the camp were remarkably frank. They very honestly said that the conditions there were not an average. We would find them probably better than in any other camp, due to the natural advantages of the particular countryside and the substantiality of the buildings, etc., and that we should base our conclusions on this premise. We had been told that the Germans would oppose a real inspection, with subtle blockades, and would show us only points reflecting to their advantage as caretakers. Instead, they gave us free run to stay as long as we wished, and to see what we wished.

The Refugees

Externally—it was a fine day of spring with the blossoms fluttering thickly on the trees—the camp didn't flaunt its troubles. Even the Germans gave credit to the Russians for the spick-and-span appearance. And really—if any one is at all interested in Russian psychology—this phenomenon is worth a word. The refugees in this camp had been ignominiously shunted about from pillar to post until they joined up with the Von der Goltz array—and later, when the Allies called off Berront and Von der Goltz (with something less than a blessing), there was no place in particular left open to these Russians. Perhaps, if they had stayed where they were and the Bolsheviks hadn't eaten them alive, they would have eaten Bolshevik salt to survive. Whatever might have happened, the fact was that they remained a problem without an answer and they were wished off on Germany.

The officers and their families in the camp number about a thousand, and there are about three thousand soldiers, some with families, and there are a number of women army clerks, nurses, etc. The phenomenon referred to above is this, that while these people



The Russian Refugees at Altengrabow Camp have built themselves a church. It conforms, apparently, to every ecclesiastical demand of Greek Orthodoxy, but the entire cost—including all the priest's robes—was only a few dollars, as every item has been laboriously, but lovingly, fashioned by hand from such stray bits of material as might be found lying about.



Paul A. Buttrick, American, of the International Y. M. C. A., who has the distinction of being alone in the field in trying to do something to alleviate the tragic fate of the Russian refugees in Germany.

present hour—there exists there overwhelmingly an almost insoluble problem of Russian flotsam and jetsam. If you are merely casually in Germany, in the big centers, the only Russians you may see will be to have some one point out Princess So-and-so in one of the crowded, gilded restaurants.

It so happened that during the Kapp-Luttwitz revolution, I happened—during one of the hasty scurries from a machine-gun-swept street—to meet the entire American Y. M. C. A. force which in Germany is making some attempt to do something for the half million-odd Russian refugees. In other words, if the number of secretaries at work on this job should be reduced by one, there would be an utter vacuum.

A Visit to Altengrabow

Some time after the revolution and when life had again become measurably normal, I happened again to meet Secretary Paul Buttrick. He was going next day to visit one of the large refugee camps to make a survey of their greatest needs. (Some American women in Berlin had got together, mostly wives of newspaper correspondents, without going through the rigmarole of organizing a



Some of the kiddies. They are growing upon a diet of substitute coffee without sugar or milk for breakfast and supper, and a vegetable soup (with meat in it once a week) for dinner.

have a sheerly tragic and hopeless present and future; while they are anathema to the Red Russians and cannot return home; while they are absolutely ruined, having only the clothes on their backs—and raiment not to boast of at that; while there is no compulsion under which discipline could be maintained; while there is no "cause" left, nevertheless their discipline does not waver, and such order as makes the life endurable and not a bedlam, exists under the tacit, intellectual appreciation that some value remains even in the old-fashioned idea that there is virtue in the consciousness of the self-respect which comes from order and not anarchy. If these Russians, under the utmost of privation and hopelessness, have evolved the consciousness of this philosophy, is it not reasonable to imagine that there may be a leaven working in the soul of the Russian people under the chaos of the hour?

We went in the morning to the kitchens to see the breakfast line. Breakfast consists of a substitute coffee, a thin fluid without milk or sugar. There is a "dinner" in the middle of the day consisting of a vegetable soup, with once a week a little meat in the soup. For one thousand persons, I saw the meat allowance for the week. It was mostly bones and gristle, and the entire heap was

lying on a small table. Every four days a loaf of bread is issued per person. At four o'clock another round of substitute coffee is served, and it is then called a day, as far as eating is concerned. It was the children who "got" us the worst. Their pale-faced elders had played the game of life, and their fate had been to come a cropper. They may have been pawns, but the children were pawns of pawns.

When the camp was a German barracks there had been an officers' club, or casino, which is still maintained for the German officers quartered there. While we were sitting in this casino that night, after a sufficiently substantial dinner to make one shudder at the memory of that much called coffee which had served the Russian children for supper, we simultaneously had the same idea. The proprietor of the Casino, called in, agreed that he could serve a spread. Then we sent a message to the Colonel's wife, asking whether all the children could be rounded up for an Easter dinner—it was the late Russian Easter holidays—the following day. The invitation was from the Y. M. C. A., the *Chicago Daily News*, and LESLIE'S.

Let me say that being a host on that day was a hilarious job. There were rumors of excitement from early morning. We were never sure just what was happening.

Suddenly, about noon, from down the street came the sound of a band. (Even the military band had survived being "refugeed.") They came with a flourish, with the old familiar Russian marching songs. The children were marching two by two, carrying flags, and their mothers were with them, and all the other well-wishers. If we could only have concluded that meal with some real American ice cream, it would have been complete.

It was a democratic day. The children of some of the oldest of the Russian families, whose estates had once stretched over the steppes beyond the eye, sat down by the children of the moujiks. All Russian children are delightful and affectionate creatures.

I could go on to describe misery upon misery, privation upon privation—the drugless hospital served by unpaid, twenty-four-hour-a-day working corps of nurses of the Russian Red Cross, item succeeding item. This was but one camp—and declared to be the best.

Call this one more picture of Europe and Russia. Perhaps the fate of these individuals can be settled by a diplomatic stroke which will allow them amnesty to return to their own country.

It is reported in Germany that the American Red (Concluded on page 97)

If Mrs. Harding Rules the White House

By OSWALD F. SCHUETTE

IN a nation of homes, a real "home" in the White House should be listed high in the nation's assets.

Domestic discord and divorce have been popularized by the movies, the magazines, and the newspaper headlines. The propaganda against them would find a mighty aid in a high example. Not the least of the contributions which Theodore Roosevelt made to his country was the example of his family life in the White House. The Roosevelt family was a real one. Nor is it a disparagement of his predecessors and his successors to say that there have been few like it—if any—since the White House at Washington has been the residence of the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

The pleasantest pictures of the Roosevelt administration have always been those which dealt with the episodes of the daily lives of that bevy of liveliest youngsters and the quiet, unobtrusive dignity of the First Lady of the Land in those eventful Rooseveltian years.

Mrs. Roosevelt was never in the limelight. She left that to her husband. To say that he consumed it avidly is no disparagement of his political sense. But Mrs. Roosevelt cared nothing for it. And when he closed the doors of his executive office for the day, Theodore Roosevelt was the husband and father first. At that time his presidential dignity never weighed heavily upon him.

Some Interesting Predictions

"WHAT kind of a First Lady of the Land would Mrs. Harding make?" I asked an intimate friend of the Harding family, after the Republican convention had finished its task.

"If Senator Harding goes into the White House," was his reply, "you will find that Mrs. Harding will follow closely in the footsteps of Mrs. Roosevelt. Of course, they have no children, to their great regret. But Mrs. Harding will be a quiet, charming mistress of the White House, with no social schemes, no society ambitions, no plans to establish a court. She is probably one of the few wives of men with presidential aspirations who has not already made plans for redecorating the White House, and to found in Washington a new Four Hundred which shall owe its first allegiance to her. Mrs. Harding is typical of all that is best in American womanhood and the women of America will be proud of her."

It is no easy task for a masculine political writer to attempt to tell what manner of woman Mrs. Harding is, or what fashion of presidential wifehood she will set. But Mrs. Harding has already given proof of her lack of desire for the limelight. Throughout the newspaper and political career of her husband she has been his constant and devoted companion. She has shared with him all the vicissitudes of the political campaign. She has traveled everywhere he has gone, and yet but rarely has her name been mentioned in the dispatches.

The nomination of her husband at Chicago brought her to the center of the stage for a moment. On the spur of that occasion she told the newspaper men and women a little of herself and a great deal of her husband, but she hasn't been interviewed since, and says she will not be, even in the White House—if she goes there. Only the solemn determination of her husband's political committee that an interview with Mrs. Harding is necessary as a part of the Harding propaganda would



Mrs. Harding and Her "Hobby"

The hobby being her big husband, with whom she was recently photographed at the Harding home in Washington.

drag her into public quotation marks again. She plans to preside quietly as mistress over the Marion front porch and to travel with Senator Harding wherever the committee may send him. That is all. It is interesting to record here that Mrs. Harding is an ideal traveler. She rode 20,000 miles with her husband in the pre-convention campaign and never delayed his party for a moment.

Her Hobby: "My Husband"

TWO things stand out of the brief interviews in which Mrs. Harding indulged at Chicago when the news came that her husband had triumphed. The chief burden of these interviews was: "What a wonderful man my husband is." That seems to be Mrs. Harding's only hobby, "My husband." Nor will she tell of the part which she has played in helping him up the ladder of fame since first she met the young newspaper man in Marion, Ohio, more than thirty years ago and married him against her father's will. Yes, there is no doubt that her help has been one of his greatest assets.

The other feature of Mrs. Harding's confessions was far more sacredly personal.

"We haven't any children," she told one of the newspaper women. "I wish we had. The Senator plays with every child he meets. He even flirts with the babes in arms, and if he can catch the eye of a youngster in a political meeting, he always wants to chat with him."

When Senator Harding came to Washington in the Spring of 1915 as the new junior senator from Ohio, Mrs. Harding was seriously ill. She had to be brought to Washington in a private car. For eight months all she saw of the social and official life of the nation's capital she saw from a wheeled chair. By the time she had convalesced, the war had paralyzed the society columns, but this made little difference to Mrs. Harding. She has never been a conspicuous figure in the society columns. She has lived up to her social duties as the Senator's wife in Washington, just as she did as the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio. Nor does she plan a change in that attitude, should the Fates be kind enough to award her husband another promotion.

Mrs. Harding is in the best of health again. She is fond of outdoor life. Her hair, once light brown, has turned gray, but her blue eyes are as youthful as ever. She has the political tact of her husband, and to say that is to praise her highly. She has never been known to say anything unkind of friend or foe. There is nothing snobbish about her. She is normal, bright, and a thoroughbred who will not whimper in defeat. She is a lover of music and an accomplished musician. She has no illusions, but pleads guilty to being a confirmed optimist. She has no reforms to foster, and no fads. She is a believer in woman suffrage, but she never was a picketer, and it is a safe bet that her vote will always be remarkably identical with the ballot of her husband.

A Time of Parental Wrath

IF she goes into the White House, Mrs. Harding will insist upon one thing—that her home life shall be just as exclusively her private affair as it was in the early '90's when she was the struggling wife of a struggling editor. For while Mrs. Harding was the daughter of one of the few rich men of whom Marion, Ohio, could boast, her early married life had little of riches in it. When Florence Kling married Warren G. Harding, editor, she did it in defiance of her father's threat to disinherit her. Her father was Amos H. Kling, banker, and he had no use for the man who was then trying to put the *Marion Daily Star* on its feet. When his daughter told him she was going to be Mrs. Harding, there was an explosion. Not only did he disapprove the marriage, but also he put his disapprobation into vigorous language, and then did his best to live up to it. For years, Mr. Kling would not speak either to his daughter or to his rising son-in-law. Not until Kling, Sr., developed political ambitions and found, to his great surprise, that the *Marion Star* supported him instead of fighting him, did the parental wrath give way to reconciliation. Later, say the friends of the Klings and the Hardings, Mr. Kling liked to tell his friends that he had noted the symptoms of young Harding's future greatness even before his daughter had done so, but his daughter only smiled when her father boasted of being one of the "original Harding men."

Pictorial Digest of the World's News

Rotarians, Attention!

THE *Rotarian*, the first steamship to be sponsored by a Rotary Club, just after its launching at Tacoma, Washington, recently. Over 500 Rotarians were on hand for the event, and the Tacoma Rotary Club presented the big ship with a bronze plaque bearing the Rotary emblem. The *Rotarian* is the last of 23 vessels built for the Emergency Fleet Corporation by the Todd Yards in Tacoma.

Chicago Has a Fire

THE flames making a last desperate attempt to do some more damage during the great fire in Cicero, just outside of Chicago, which destroyed the huge freight transfer house at the Burlington Railroad yards; \$1,500,000 worth of property was destroyed.

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© KATZ & HENRY

A Great Meeting

IF all of the women who longed to attend this big meeting had gone to Geneva, Switzerland, where it was held, the Swiss couldn't have fed them. It is a session of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance, the most important woman's organization on earth.



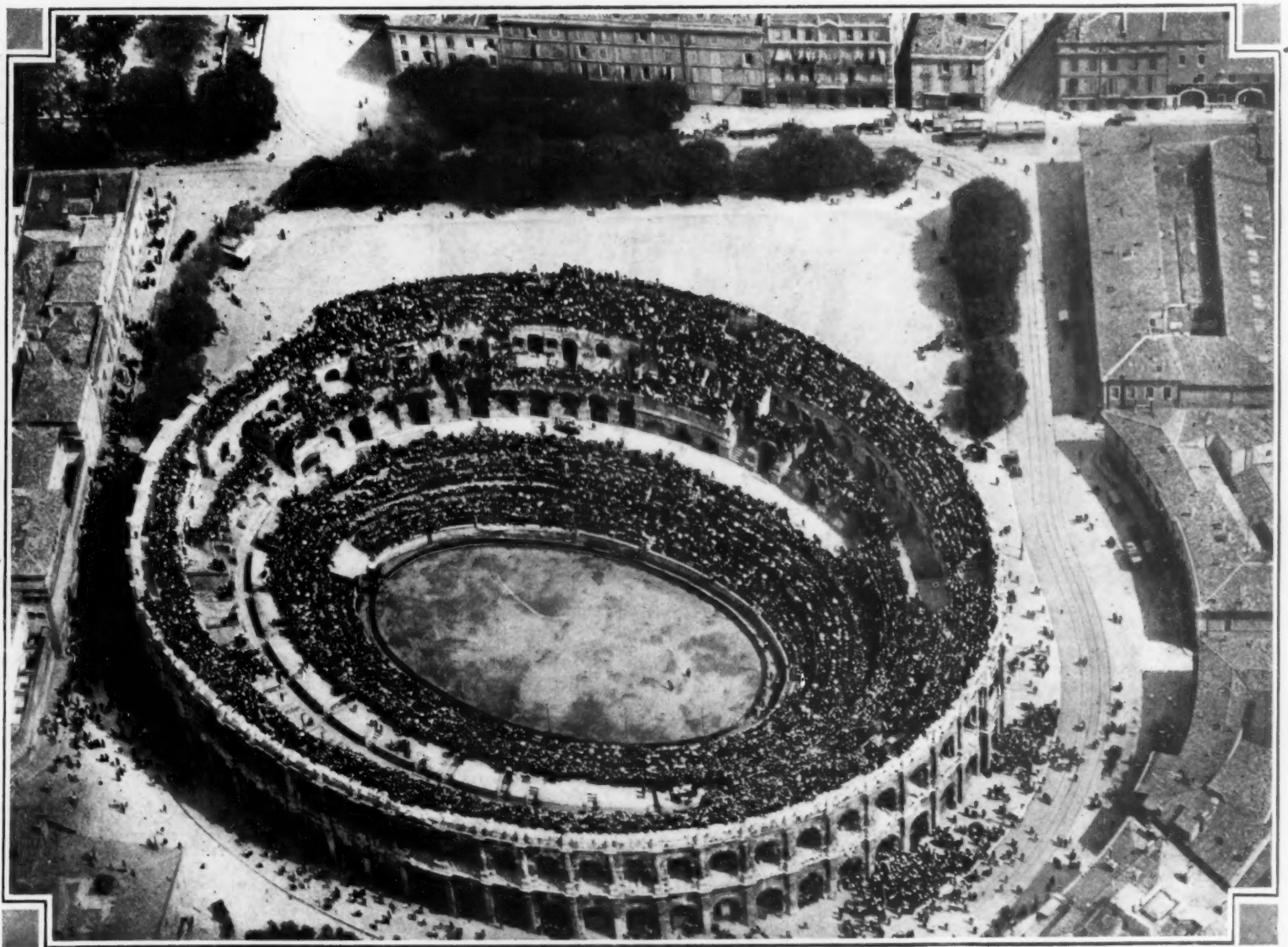
© CENTRAL NEWS

The Prince Crosses the Equator

IN this crowd—near the right center—is the Prince of Wales. The queer looking folk nearer the foreground are some of the participants in the ceremonies aboard the *Renown*, attendant upon the crossing of the equator during the Prince's journey to the Antipodes. His Royal Highness is just behind "Father Neptune" and "Aphrodite." In front of Neptune is the Judge. Accompanying the future ruler of Great Britain are Colonel Grigg, Military Secretary, and Commander Campbell. The Prince during the ceremonies was created a member of the "Order of the Equatorial Bath." He was given a huge pill, lathered white, black and pink, shaved, and finally mercilessly ducked 9 times.



Pictorial Digest of the World's News



Where Gladiators and Christians Once Died

THE great structure over whose ancient walls the aviator was circling when he took the most unusual picture, shown at the top of this page, is the Roman Amphitheatre ("Les Arenes," the French call it) at Nîmes, France. The spectators—mere dots in the photograph—have gathered in the huge edifice to witness a bull fight which was held there recently. Hundreds of years ago the birds drifting over the same spot gazed down upon an almost identical scene, the principals in the blood-spattered arena, however, then being human beings fighting for their lives against lions and other wild beasts, or gladiators struggling to take each other's lives in the presence of the betting, cheering thousands. In those early days Nîmes was known by its Latin name, *Nemausus*. After 120 B.C. it was the leading Roman colony in Gaul, and it was a provincial city of true magnificence. In 407 A.D. the Vandals sacked it, and in 859 the Northmen plundered it. During the Reformation it turned Calvinist and entered upon a troubled career. Today it is a strange and beautiful mixture of handsome, modern buildings and structures of great antiquity. The Amphitheatre is an ellipse 438 feet long. It is built of large stones, joined without mortar, and has a capacity of 24,000. It was "restored" in 1858.



Some Aftermaths of the Russian Revolution

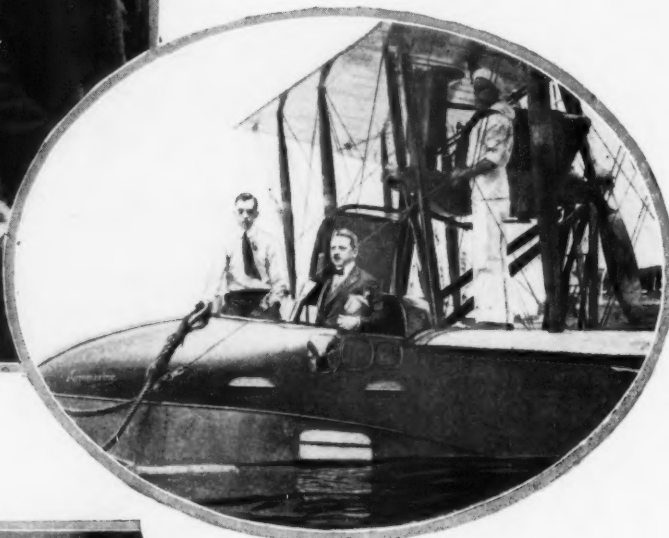
IT is a favorite trick of the Soviet troops to disinter the bodies of famous Russians of the old regime. Because of this fact Madame Alexiff, wife of the famous Russian General who died of the "flu" two years ago and who was buried in Odessa, recently had the coffin containing the body of her husband dug up so that she might be sure it would not be disturbed. Being unwilling to take any chances, for five weeks she traveled in the box car containing the remains of the General until she reached Belgrade. In the picture at the left she is seen standing in front of the car with the coffin showing behind her. Such incidents as this are quite common in Russia and neighboring European countries today. Thousands of distinguished personages, who were once wealthy but who have been deprived of their fortunes by the stormy events in Russia, are wandering about trying desperately to "make both ends meet." The earning capacity of the vast majority of these unfortunates is not great and they are, therefore, experiencing considerable difficulty in keeping body and soul together. Hardly a week passes without a report coming from Switzerland of the suicide of some penniless titled person, and in many cases rich sympathizers have come to the rescue with sorely needed monetary assistance.

Pictorial Digest of the World's News



The Commencement at Yale.

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING, after having received the honorary degree of LL.D. at Yale, walking across the campus, while Henry B. Sargent, alumni fellow of the Yale Corporation, tells him an amusing story. Following the General are Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador, and Jean Adrien Antoine Jules Jusserand, the Ambassador from France, to both of whom degrees were also given. An LL.D. was bestowed upon Thomas De Witt Cuyler, Railroad Administrator and war-time chairman of the Association of Railroad Executives, but the camera man somehow missed him. Altogether 699 degrees were awarded during the exercises. During the Yale Alumni banquet, one of the features of the occasion, ex-President William Howard Taft delivered a memorable address in which he attacked those who are averse to coming to the aid of the Allied nations who are now in need of financial support.



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A Tribute to a Noble Woman.

GENERAL PAU depositing a wreath at the foot of the beautiful bas-relief in memory of Edith Cavell, during its unveiling in the Tuilleries Gardens, Paris. Four American nurses and a similar number of nurses from London hospitals in which Miss Cavell had worked also placed flowers before the memorial. Both Viscount Burnham and Stephen Lauzanne, editor of the *Matin*, under whose auspices the public subscription for the tribute was conducted, referred in their addresses to the part played in the defense of the British martyr by Brand Whitlock, then Minister to Belgium. The simple ceremony was presided over by André Maginot, Minister of Pensions; and Frederick A. Sterling and Lieut. Col. T. Bentley Mott, Military Attaché, represented the American Embassy in Paris.



Amazons Still Exist.

NEEDLESS to add these are *not* "clinging vines." They are breasting the tape in the 100 meter sprint during a recent German meet.



A President Casts His Vote.

HAVING cast his vote during the recent German elections, Herr Ebert, the German president, leaves the booth. Pomp and show, it will be noted, are conspicuous by their absence. The woman in front of the President is the "first lady" of Germany. Frau Ebert is "one of the people."

Pictorial Digest of the World's News

California Shakes Again

THIS was the worst example of "demolition" which the camera man was able to find in Los Angeles following the severest of the recent earthquake shocks whose occurrence in the neighborhood of the California metropolis was given such wide publicity. Here and there a chimney or an ancient wall toppled over, but no serious damage was done and no lives were lost. At Inglewood, a small town of 5,000 inhabitants located about 10 miles southwest of Los Angeles, the quake took a greater toll, over a score of business houses and a large number of residences being damaged. The property loss was there estimated to be about \$75,000. The strongest tremors occurred June 21-22, during the night and early morning. They were felt throughout Los Angeles County and in adjacent points in Ventura, Riverside and Orange Counties.



A Modern Marvel

THE Link Belt car un-loader in action. In the great grain elevator in Baltimore, where this picture was taken, whenever they want to unload a car they turn it upside down with machinery and shake it until it is empty—just as though it were a sack. The elevator—built by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company—has a storage capacity of 5,000,000 bushels, and the plant can in ten hours receive 400 cars of grain, deliver 1,800,000 bushels of grain to five ships, clean 600,000 bushels, and dry 40,000 bushels. The numerous transportation strikes in New York are enabling Baltimore to gain much of the metropolis's trade, and the Maryland city is slowly but surely becoming one of the greatest ports on earth as a result.



A Haven for Aircraft

THE opening of the first aerial port in America—on the North River at 82nd Street, New York. It will be a union station for flyers.



Two People Who Think Independently

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. ENGLAND, of Ponca City, Oklahoma, both of whom were National Convention delegates. Mr. England was at Chicago and Mrs.

England at San Francisco. The former is a lawyer. The latter, besides being the mother of six children, has a big real estate business and devotes much of her "spare" time to politics also.



Because of the Paper Shortage

THE newspaper in this picture is *The Hammond Vindicator* of Louisiana. It is remarkable for the fact that it is printed on wall-paper! The reason is obvious.

The Man Makers

By CHARLES AUBREY EATON
Associate Editor Leslie's Weekly

A FEW days ago I had the privilege of attending the graduating exercises of the high school in Morristown, New Jersey. As is the case in an increasing number of communities throughout our country, the building combines rare architectural dignity and charm with a maximum of utility. In a peculiar degree these fine public school buildings represent the steadily rising level of public opinion upon the all-important question of popular education. It quickens one's faith in the future of America to see these monuments to the belief of our people in education. And now that we are beginning to pay a living wage to our teachers we may hope that our schools shall become once more the very cornerstone of national progress and safety.

The graduating class of the Morristown school was typical. All classes, creeds and breeds in the community were represented, but, no matter what the religious or social origin of their parents, the boys and girls themselves were, without exception, American in mental attitude, moral standards and physical appearance. Once more I was impressed by the quality of our American children. Here is the real national resource; our greatest national asset. We have given a good deal of attention to our public school system, but we have never really grappled with the problem. We must spend more money upon fundamentals, and less upon fads and frills; and we must make it possible for the best men and women in the land to give their whole lives to the work of teaching. The public school is our real melting-pot and the teacher is the alchemist under whose skilful touch the racial and social mixture is transformed into the pure gold of American character, intelligence and devoted citizenship.

It was a pleasure to observe in Morristown that all social flummery was lacking. The graduates were all gowned in academic robes; floral gifts were kept in the background. In fact the vulgar and silly attempt to make of graduation from the public school a social function, which has had so disastrous a vogue in many sections, was replaced in Morristown by a true academic simplicity and dignity which gave the event an elevation of tone worthy of a university.

The feature of the occasion which distinguished it and made it worthy of imitation everywhere was the list of subjects covered by the graduating essays. In a moment of inspiration Mr. J. Burton Wiley, the Superintendent, and Miss Clara E. Brown, the Principal, decided to have these essays deal with "The Pilgrims' Contribution to American History." One of the essays dealt with "The Faith of the Pilgrims"; another with "The Life of Our Ancestors"; the third with "Our National Triumph," and the fourth brought us down to the present with a discussion of "The Fruits of the Years."

I would like, through LESLIE'S, to commend to the educators of the whole country this Morristown idea. It touches the very heart of our national problem. Few people seem to understand the elemental nature of the struggle now going on in this country. The great underlying source of national unrest and social fever is the half-unconscious effort



As Director of the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board, an authority on industrial problems and the relations between capital and labor, Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton has ably served his country and his fellowmen. As Associate Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, he will discuss weekly the vital problems of the hour with his characteristic intelligence, vigor and fairness.

being made to break away from the original, nucleating ideas, ideals, and principles upon which America was founded. Vast diversified populations have overflowed the original life-cell which for two hundred years built itself into the ideas, institutions and economic fabric of the Republic. It is now a struggle of ideas rather than of persons. But you cannot change the source of a river three hundred miles down stream. As it begins it must go on to the end. And this was the great message of the essays presented by the young folks in the Morristown school. What comes after the nation gets its first start may be assimilated, and it may, and will, modify the original upon which it is grafted, but it cannot assimilate or push out or smother that original.

The Pilgrims were neither adventurers nor traders, nor were they seeking to better their economic condition. They were men of one creed—educated, able and of reasonable economic prosperity, who came to a wilderness continent in order to found a state wherein they could worship God according to their own consciences. In the *Mayflower* cabin they drew up a sound contract which embodied the fundamental political ideas of our present great nation. Their first public effort was to build a church and a schoolhouse, symbols of the twofold foundation of character and intelligence upon which they proposed to build a new world. They did their own work and bred their own citizens. Those who came to help them spoke the same language and bore the same life-stamp.

As a man is born so he must live and die. He may be educated and other energies may be injected into his nature, but he never will be other in quality or quantity than he is at his birth. So with nations. Here on the wild Atlantic Coast certain elements united to form a nation three hundred years ago. And these are today the elements which we must safeguard and enthrone in our national life. They may be matured and modified by time, but they must remain enthroned.

These elements are unity of soul in the solemn faith in a spiritual God; freedom in thought and speech and social and political institutions; the worth of the individual expressed in equality of opportunity; work for every one and by every one; developed mentality by free education for all; and individual initiative, responsibility and achievement as distinguished from mass uplift.

The original American was a freedom-loving man who did his own work and put character above class or caste. He was a fearless man. He was a "straight" man. He was a magnificent citizen. There never will be a better American. Indeed there never can be any other real American.

Because this is true it means much to the nation to have our schools go back to the beginnings and learn the alphabet of Americanism from the original sources. Let the idea spread. The young are the hope of the country. Upon them our destiny depends. Feed them upon the truth and the truth shall make them and their country free. "America first" means only the first America re-enthroned.



A Very New Angle on a Very Old Subject

A remarkable picture, the first ever taken by an aviator of Kouinine, the ancient Saharan town, renowned for its religious college, and the vast

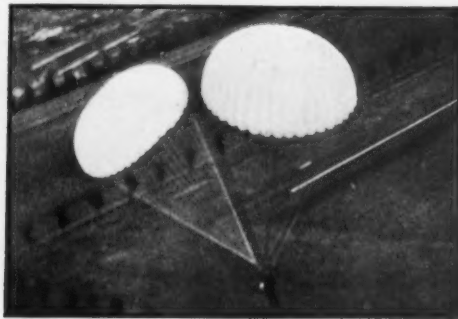
desert in whose heart it lies buried. For hundreds of miles in the vicinity one sees nothing but what appear to be giant shell-holes and an occasional village.



In Heavy Flying Order.

Probably parachute-jumping is the branch of daredevilism which will longest defy public indifference. There is always the possibility that the parachute will not open when it is expected to. This is Sergeant Gilbert A. Shoemaker, who parachuted his way to Mitchel Field, Long Island, from an altitude of 5,000 feet.

The Biggest Circus Tent Is the Sky.
Lieutenant Omer Locklear, it must be admitted, is doing much to defer the day when Americans will be bored by aero-gymnastics.



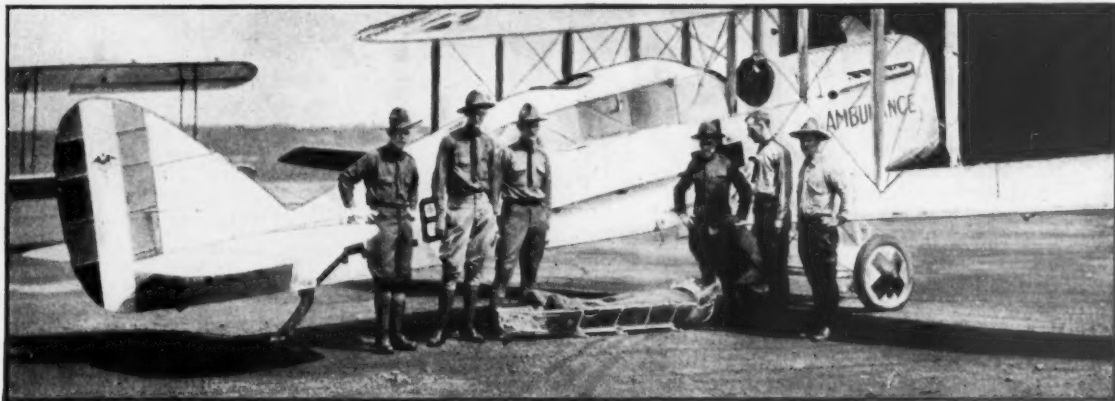
En Route to "Terror" Firma.

If one of the parachutes gets caught, he can release it and reach the ground by the other.



An Aircraft Joins "The Wets."

With a brisk tap at the moment the craft leaped like a gull from the water into the air, Governor Edwards of New Jersey christened with champagne that was strictly alcoholic "Aeromarine S 5 L Navy Cruiser" at Keyport. The yacht has two cabins, a smoking compartment and—possibly for use beyond the three-mile limit altitude—a buffet.



An Ambulance that Does Better Than a Mile a Minute.

In time of stunts prepare for—well, prepare for anything, and on the ground a stretcher. Ambulances attached to the air service must deliver their first aid quickly.

PEN and INKLINGS

by
Oliver Herford

Illustrations by the Author

Bolshevism for Babies

HUMOR might be, and perhaps has been, defined as the relaxation of Philosophy. Cervantes and W. S. Gilbert and Mark Twain, three of the greatest humorists, were still greater philosophers, but in the composition of such minds as theirs the philosophical element, owing to its greater specific gravity, remains underneath and the unthinking only observe the froth.

When Gilbert wrote,

"That babies don't commit such crimes as forgery is true,

*But little sins develop, if you leave them to accrue;
For anything you know, they'll represent, if you're alive,
A burglary or murder at the age of thirty-five."*

he stated in an amusing way a great truth, for the doctrine of infant depravity and original sin thus lightly touched upon is, when stripped of its Calvinistic mummery, a recognized scientific truth.

The quotation is from Gilbert's "Bab Ballads," and I sometimes think that if the "highbrow" mothers who turn to books by long-haired professors with retreating chins for advice in child training, should study instead the non-sensical wisdom of Gilbert's book, they would derive more benefit therefrom. At least it would do them (and their children) no harm.

I wish as much as that could be said of a book I have lately come across entitled "Practical Child Training," by Ray C. Beery (Parent's Association). So far from harmless is it, in my opinion, that a more fitting title for it would be "Bolshevism for Babies."

Obedience, says the author, "is your cornerstone. Therefore lay it carefully." And this is how it is laid: "While you are teaching the child the first lessons in correct obedience, do not give any commands either in the lesson or outside except those which the child will be sure to obey willingly."

Obedience is to be taught by wheedling and cajolery, which lessons the clever child will apply in later life as bribery and corruption. The author denies this in Book I, p. 130, but his denial is so curious it deserves quoting: "You would entirely vitiate its principles if in giving this lesson you should state it to the child like this: 'If you do not do thus and so, I will give you no candy.'" Then on the same page: "While the thought of candy in the child's mind causes him to obey, yet the lesson is planned in such a way that you are not buying obedience."

The "five principles of discipline" are embodied in the following story: The father of a boy sees him and two other boys throwing apples through a barn window, two of whose panes had been broken. To make a long story short, the parent, instead of reproving his offspring, says: "Good shot, Bob! Do you see that post over there? See if you can hit it two out of three times." "It would have been unwise for that father" (adds the author of "Practical Child Training") "to say, 'I'd rather you'd not throw at that window opening—can't you sling at something else?' The latter remark would suggest that the window was the best target and the boys would have been dissatisfied at having to stop throwing at it."



An ill-bred pot.

order of slapstick comic? God forbid! To whatever sense—if it be a sense—these performances appeal, it is not the sense of humor. Perhaps it is the sense of Patriotism. Mutt and Jeff are distinctly a native product, and while there are said to be those who admire their author as an artist, it is quite certain that the vast majority of Americans revere Mr. Bud Fisher as (to quote "Montey" Flag) a Captain of Industry.

Many, I doubt not, buy the papers containing this feature for the sole purpose of studying it in the hope of discovering the secret of how to make so much money with so little work.

They may take it from me, they are wasting their time; these figures are not, as they suppose, made by a machine on the order of a pictorial typewriter; they are done entirely by the unaided human hand, but the process by which the

component parts of the human frame (legs, arms, feet, etc.) are combined to produce effigies so remote from resemblance to anything human as Mutt and Jeff is a secret that will perish with its inventor.

At least it is to be hoped so.

The Perversity of Fun

THE Sense of Humor is a shy and perverse, not to say suspicious, bird. The best-laid device may fail to catch it; the finest of Attic Salt be sprinkled in vain; then again it will flop into the elephant trap of a perfectly serious movie caption and laugh itself to death. Or it may be a solemn advertisement that is intended to be oh-so-awfully-classy, and succeeds in being fearfully funny.

Such an advertisement appeared the other day in the *Literary Digest*. A most refined and gentlemanly "ad," and it advertised—you will hardly believe it, but I give you my word, it advertised "WELL-BRED HARDWARE!" We have all heard of a highly polished door-knob, but well-bred hardware! As Maurice Ketten would say, "Can you beat it!" To get a laugh out of Hardware is surely an achievement even if, as in this case, it was unintentional.

And it has given me an idea! I am going to write an etiquette book for hardware, a little book of manners that will bring the refinement and laissez-faire and je ne sais quoi and noblesse oblige of the haute monde within the reach of the humblest garbage pail. Something in this line:

*The Pot that calls the Kettle black,
Displays a most astounding lack
Of breeding. It is plain to see
No Kettle is so black as he!*



"Gladys dear! Mother doesn't want you to scald grandpa."

Two Unusual Men; a Plodding One and a Lucky One

100 Per Cent Grit

By HARRY BOTSFORD

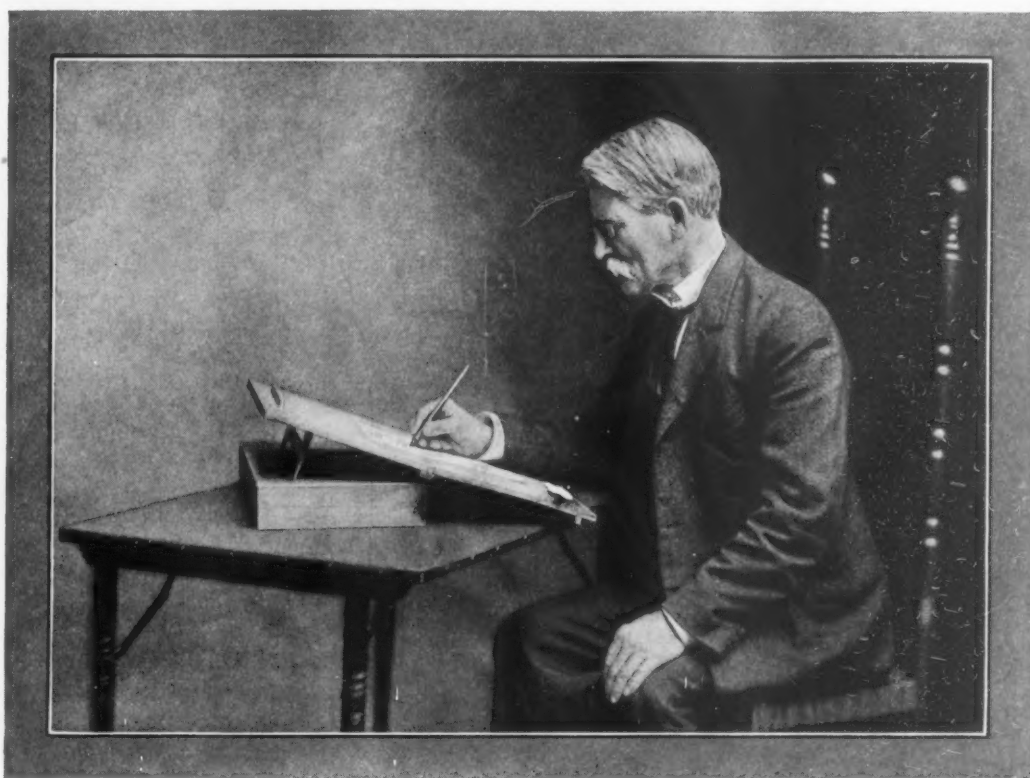
FOLLOWING a dream for fifty years is a stunt all by itself; but to follow a dream alone, unaided and in the face of derision, poor health, and a lean purse, and at the age of seventy-five to retain a wholesome enthusiasm about life and folks, is still another thing. And to be still a firm believer in the dream after all these years—that requires grit—grit of about 100 per cent.

This is what has happened to Edwin C. Bell of Titusville, Pennsylvania. Today he is past 75 years of age, frail in health but with a boundless enthusiasm for the dream he has harbored and worked for since '68. And he is happy, too, for the dream is just about to be realized.

Edwin C. Bell's story is unusual, just as his dream was unusual. He owns the only museum in the world devoted entirely to oil-field history. He has gathered nearly all the valuable material the museum contains entirely by his own efforts and slender funds. The value of the museum today cannot be estimated in dollars.

Bell's story starts in his youthful days in Maine where he was an earnest student of geology. He read with interest of the discovery of petroleum at Titusville by Colonel Edwin L. Drake, who drilled a hole down to a vein of crude petroleum and gave the world a new industry. So greatly did the subject interest young Bell that he packed his worldly goods in a small valise and hurried to Titusville. Once there, he heard that flowing oil wells had been drilled at a cross-roads settlement called Pit Hole. He hurried to Pit Hole City. It was the first boom oil town the world had ever known. He watched the cross-roads settlement grow into a city of 30,000. He watched oil field history made. He saw Pit Hole City march down the hill again and the boom move to Red Hot, Cash Up and Petroleum Centre. For a while, he worked in the oil fields, but his health broke under the strain of physical labor and he took to newspaper work.

Watching and reporting, Bell was early struck with the idea that he was witnessing the inception of a great industry. He had a vision of what oil meant to the world. Believing this, he thought steps should be taken to preserve documents and early



Edwin C. Bell, whose museum at Titusville, Pa., is a life-record of the oil industry and whose recognition as its curator is a climax to fifty years of collecting.

records and machinery. He often gave voice to this opinion, but oil men laughed at his idea. The oil boom was only temporary, they claimed. But Bell would not change his mind, and as early as 1858, he began to gather material for a nebulous museum that he hoped to be able some time to endow. And the years went on until 1913.

By this time Bell's stock of records, books, papers, and machinery was very large. Once he took the whole lot of stuff to the Pacific coast where he worked at journalism for a while. And when he came back to the old oil fields, the plunder came with him.

At this time some friends circulated a petition among oil men and raised about \$2,000 for the erection of a museum to house the collection. But the funds were exhausted by the time the walls of the building were erected. At sixty, Bell completed the work on his museum. He put in the walls of the building, built a fireplace and arranged the collection.

The museum is called the Drake Memorial Museum in honor of the man who first conceived the idea of drilling for oil. Today he is happy, for oil men have assured him that the Museum will move to new quarters within a year. Good quarters, too, that will cost about \$150,000. Bell is to be its curator.

The Hobo Plunger of Paris

ALL Paris has been crazy over "Père La Cerise". You have not heard of Father Cherry? Queer! I thought that his fame had spread already all over the world, both by the cables and by wireless!

A few weeks ago, while making their nightly round of the Boulevards, two agents de police arrested a suspicious-looking man counting a pile of banknotes on a bench under the light of a street lamp. When the trio reached the commissaire's office, the pseudo-beggar was ordered to empty his pockets. The police magistrate himself investigated the contents: 170,635 francs, about 30,000 dollars, were piled on the table.

With great composure, the man explained he had won all the money at Longchamps, the well-known Parisian race-course, which prompted a huge laugh by Monsieur le Commissaire. The strange sportsman had to finish his night in the dungeon of the station, pending inquiry. But, on the following morning, he had his revenge, when the sheriff came to apologize and hand him back the confiscated treasure. Indeed, he had won the last franc of it at betting.

Père La Cerise's misadventure in a short time made him a popular character in Paris. Indeed, he is the "lion," the catch of the season, and reporters have been hunting him day and night to get interviews.

Something is now known of his past and present. Bilgot, which is his name, retired from the French Colonial Army as a N. C. He added a few francs to his pension at selling newspapers in the Paris streets. Last year, he tried his luck at the race-course, put a little money on a "dark horse," and won.

Alas! Luck and fame do not go hand in hand always, and Père-La-Cerise begins to suspect that his star is fading away.

It happened one Sunday at Auteuil. To do honor to his new social standing, he had discarded his old newsboy cap, and put on a brand new hat. He was at once surrounded by betters of both sexes who harassed him for tips. Faithful to his old tactics, he put a goodly sum on Coq Gaulois, an unknown horse, and lost—lost for the first time in his life! Again and again, he tried his luck, though without success, losing in all about 15,000 francs, and his reputation as a lucky dog in the bargain!



Here he is, the idol of sporting Paris. A boulevard newsdealer, his hunches on horses won him thousands of francs, plus a Longchamps following which played his tips blindly.

In Combating Forest Fires,



Standing Watch.

Eternal vigilance is the price of forest protection. Above the timber line a ranger sweeps the horizon with his glass.



Always in Touch.

Forest ranger stringing telephone wires in a national preserve so that news of the outbreak of a blaze may be flashed at once to headquarters.



Give the Mule Credit for His Part.

Two cases equipped with fire-fighting tools make an impressive pack when an alarm comes in. Such emergency outfits are scattered at intervals throughout all the National forests.



The Dread Beginning of a Forest Fire.

Fire, some one long ago said, is an admirable servant but a terrible master. In our forest areas, carelessness most often makes the master of the servant, a staggering loss in standing timber having its beginning, perhaps, in wind-scattered sparks from a camp-fire but partially extinguished. Such was the origin of the blaze here pictured in Pike Forest, Colorado.



Getting the Jump on Fires by Aerial Patrol.

As the aviator scouts for the enemy in war, so the birdmen of the Forest Rangers search for those blurs of smoke which tell of a fire's beginning in some remote nook of the wilderness. The view is of Little Bear Lake and environs, one of many made by the aviator "on his beat" to and fro over vast tracts of unsettled country.



"Turn on Your Water."

Ranger pumping a supply from a pool in the forest, the gas-engine being part of his

The New Way Is Prevention

BEFUL WITH FIRE
E MOUNTAINS
FOREST SERVICE
TMENT OF AGRICULTURE



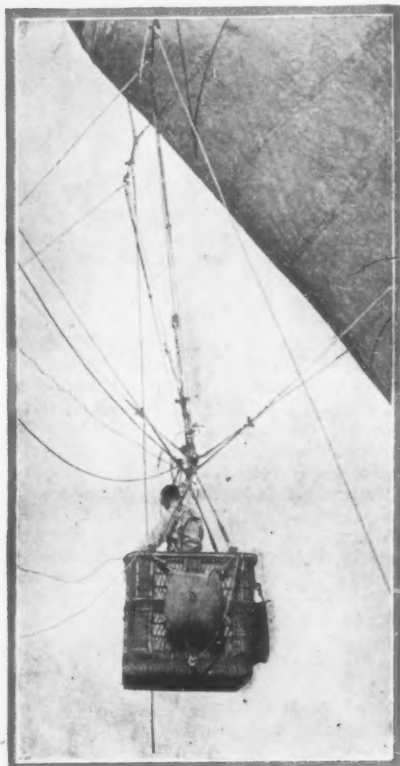
The End: A Loss Which Only Time Can Mend.

In an age when every forest-fire means the aggravation of a timber shortage already acute, such ruin as this must emphasize the vital value of the Forest Rangers organization. This is the sort of waste which watchfulness prevents. In cities, fire prevention is an essential part of fire-fighting, but city areas may be replaced in months. Forests take years.



One of the High Spots.

Breezy of a bright day, terrific of a stormy one, is Bear Mountain station in the Black Hills. It is used by the fire fighters.



War-Taught.

The Rangers are trying this experiment. Locating forest fires by observation balloons much as balloon-observers located enemy batteries along the French battle front.



Just a Few Ounces of Prevention.

A fire that can be kept from spreading is a fire licked to a standstill. Which is why gangs of men dig trenches around a burning area and confine it, if possible, to its birthplace. Like other husky things, a forest fire dies for lack of nourishment if deprived of its feed. Men are rushed by special train to burning areas.



A Message from on High.

When the watcher in an observation balloon locates a forest fire, he drops word of its location in a parachute. Motorcycle patrolmen rush the news to the nearest fire-station.

on Your Water."
ing a supply from a handy
forest, he and a portable
ing of his stock.

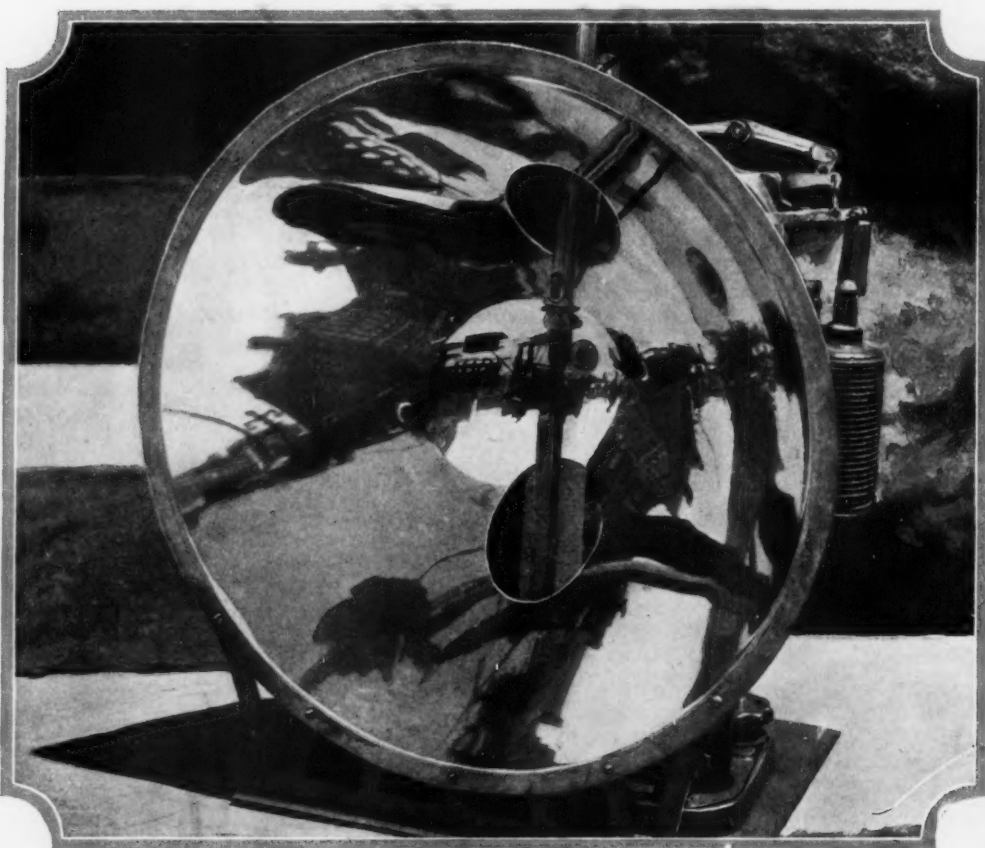
Odd Facts in The World of Science

Edited by

HEREWARD CARRINGTON, Ph. D.

Seeing Things in a Mirror

IF you will study the accompanying photograph closely, you will find that it discloses a number of very curious and interesting things. It is a curved, silver-plated "parabolic reflector," and distorts images reflected in it like a continuously curved mirror. Two holes are cut in the reflector, above and below the center, and through these openings pass two steel guides, which hold the carbons that supply the source of light. (The electrical connections for these are shown outside the mirror.) Now, on the left-hand side of the reflector, you will see a distorted image of a street—a house, a car and a policeman. Turning the illustration round to the right, you will see the distorted image of a man, and beside him a long black "blur," which looks like the soul of a Magician in Hades, or the awful thought of the man who invented prohibition! Turning the photograph round a little bit more to the right, we see a house, so distorted that it looks like a barbed-wire fence in No-Man's land. Above and to the right of the upper steel bar is a reflection of the bar itself, running to the edge of the reflector. Lower down, is the head of a bolt, which holds the reflector in place. Now, if the illustration be turned upside down, another street will be seen—a corner house, an automobile, pedestrians. Is it the same corner we saw before! It is—but how changed! The square building has now become pointed; the short, squat electric light pole in the street has assumed enormous proportions, while to the left a gigantic building comes into view. Another black smudge—a twisted reflection of the lower post—running to the edge of the reflector—and below this again another street, apparently a peaceful country road, as compared with the busy city thoroughfare the other side of the reflector showed us! In this road there are mysterious shadows, coming from nowhere. And in the very center of the photograph, viewed upside down, we find a clear but miniature reflection of a quiet road—in the center of which stands—the photographer who took the photograph you are now looking at!



A mirror that is "different"



The grandfather of our lobsters

A Seventy-Five Year Old Lobster

THIS lobster was caught off the coast of Maine; it weighs twenty-four pounds, and in the opinion of the fishermen about that part of the country, must be at least seventy-five years of age, during which period it enjoyed its curious deep-sea life. It will be seen that the lobster is nearly as large as the man holding it, who happens to be S. M. Shan, waiter in a Portland (Me.) Chinese restaurant, which is the proud possessor of the lobster in question. These creatures sometimes live to considerable ages, but rarely to such a size as that here shown. Like all deep-sea creatures, lobsters are cannibals and murderers; everything in the ocean eats everything else, one might say; and in all those thousands of miles of water, there is never one atom of goodness, kindness or love—only the brutal intent to kill, kill, kill! The tragedy and the horror of the ocean has yet to be written by some master pen!

What One Bolt of Lightning Did

THE accompanying photograph shows us a remarkable freak of nature. Out of a herd of 1,250 sheep grazing on the range of the American Fork Canyon, Utah, 504 of them were killed instantaneously by one flash of lightning! As it is said that a lightning flash takes less than the one-millionth part of a second, this is quick work! Such freaks of lightning are not uncommon. Horses have frequently been killed outright, leaving the plough untouched; or a man has been completely stripped of his clothing, which was hung up in a near-by tree, leaving him unharmed; or a man has been struck, and no change seen in his appearance, and yet when his friend placed his hand upon his shoulder, he crumbled into dust, charred to a cinder! In other cases, again, a leaf has been photographed upon the body, or the hands of a watch or a coin in the pocket. In the present case, the lightning was "forked" and left two streaks of dead sheep across the ground, leaving a space in the center wherein the sheep were not slain. It is an easy matter to calculate how far away a lightning-flash may be on any particular occasion. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second—that is, about $7\frac{1}{2}$ times round our earth in that space of time. It may therefore be said to be instantaneous. Sound, on the other hand, under ordinary conditions of temperature and pressure, travels at the rate of about 1,100 feet a second. All you have to do, therefore, is to take out your watch and note how many seconds elapse between the lightning flash and the sound of the thunder, and multiply this number by 1,100. This will give the distance, in feet, of the flash of lightning. There is, therefore, no need of being afraid of thunder—since the dangerous lightning has struck long before!



The 504 dead sheep shown in this picture were killed by one bolt of lightning



Taking the Tube Is Risky.

Especially if it be a tooth-paste tube, for customs men have long been wise to this particular line of smugglers' baggage.

Fooling Uncle Sam Is a Delicate Job

Smugglers' Tricks Are Many and Varied, but Here Are Some Which Customs Inspectors Have Trumped

Photos © Kadel & Herbert



Not As Well Heeled As He Thought.
It was a false heel, and the inspectors found it.



Feeling for Lumps.

The cunning which slits the leaf of a book and slips "dope" to a drug-fiend in jail, finds a way to hide dutiable treasure in the most innocent appearing suitcase.

The Leakable Kind

The inventor of the fountain-pen unintentionally threw a big temptation in the path of the would-be smuggler. This bland ruse has been known to customs men for years, but it still reigns a ruling favorite.



Perhaps It Did Not Draw Well.

One ingenious smuggler had a fortune in diamonds rolled compactly inside the cigar he was smoking. The "filler" proved too strong.



Not Quite A Clean Get-Away.

But the trick of smuggling gems in a cake of toilet soap is often attempted, nevertheless.



A Time Exposure, Possibly.

Even the folds on the bellows of a camera get careful scrutiny from the knowing inspectors.



Just Walking Ashore with It.

Precious stones to the value of thousands were snugly hidden in the head of this cane.



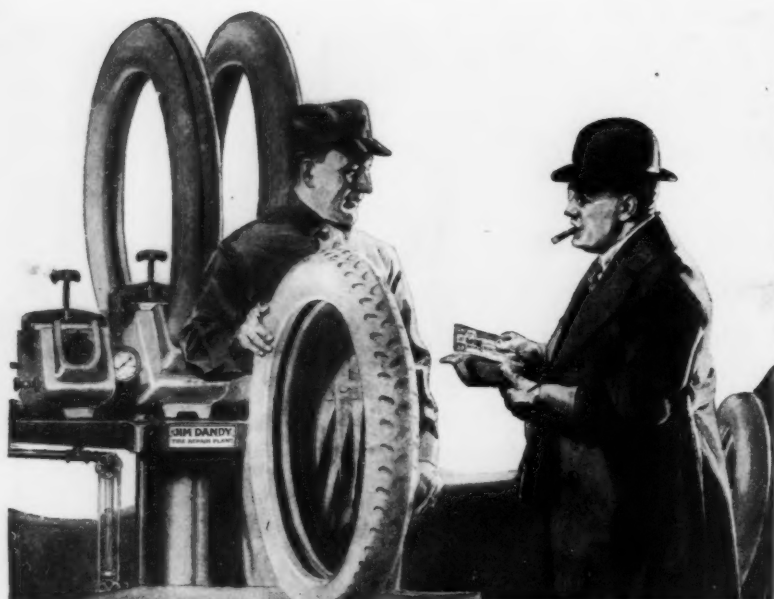
They Smoked Him Out.

Between the folds of a twist of old English tobacco is a perfect snuggery for gems.



His Galluses Went Wrong.

This smuggler used the clasp beneath his suspenders.



Make Big Profits Repairing Tires

DO you want to get into a fast-growing, uncrowded business where you can make from \$250 to \$500 a month the first year? Of course you do. Then investigate the tire repair business now. The Jim Dandy Tire Repair Plant is making money for many men. It can do it for you.

The tire repair men of America have a \$200,000,000 business ahead of them this year. Think of it! By January 1st there will be 40,921,076 tires in use in this country—every one of these means trade for a tire repair man. More tire repair men are needed. Big profitable business is waiting for them. Do you want it?

Own Your Own Business

Why work for someone else all your life? Why not put your time and ability into your own business—then you will get all you earn.

You can start a highly profitable business today with a few hundred dollars. No previous experience—no long apprenticeship. One Jim Dandy Tire Repair Plant starts you. We teach you. In one to three weeks you can learn and be ready to make money. We have established tire repair businesses for men of many ages and professions in towns of all sizes from 200 population up, and have no record of a failure. Our forty-one years successful business experience backs you.

The Jim Dandy Tire Repair Plant is easy to operate, practical, profitable and low-priced. You can do perfect work with it even when you are a beginner. It is the only plant on the market which offers you the wonderful super-heated steam method. Largest capacity of any plant of its size. Fully guaranteed.

Get The Facts By Return Mail

Investigate. Send the coupon below or a letter or postcard. By return mail you can have all the facts before you. Full information—personal consideration and advice—our big book on tire repairing—all without charge.

You know you want to make money and be independent. Then investigate the Jim Dandy Tire Repair Business. Use the coupon below.

Scheffer & Rossum Company

Established 1879

Saint Paul, Minn.

TEAR OUT HERE—MAIL TODAY FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Scheffer & Rossum Company

173 E. Tenth St., Saint Paul, Minn.

Gentlemen: Please send full information about how I can start in the tire repair business with small capital and make a good income. Also send free book entitled, "Your Opportunity."

Name.....

Address.....

As We Were Saying

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

WILSON, RESTAURANT

In an entertaining mood. He even attempted a dimerick that was prevented by a fortuitous interruption.

Wants to Know About New York Plays.

Shut in as they have been for many months, Mrs. Wilson and the President naturally evinced lively interest in events that have all that both appear

From the New York World Man's Story of His Day with President Wilson

WHITE HOUSE LIMERICKS

"Did you ever hear this one?" the President said,

In a manner suggestive of glee.

"It may be an old one," the President said,

"But it sure was a new one to me.

"There was once a young curate of Lee, Who went—"

Here interrupted us

A circumstance "fortuitous."

"And here is another," the President said,

In a happy and intimate vein.

"A regular hummer," the President said,

With a peppery swish of his cane.

"There was once a young lady of Maine Whose face—"

Here interrupted us

A circumstance "fortuitous."

"But speaking of pippins," the President said,

With a soft-pedal wink and a smile,

"Just listen to this one," the President said,

"Then we'll talk of the League for a while.

"There was once a young man of Carlisle, Who would—"

Again it baffled us,

That circumstance "fortuitous."

Incessant and wearing are problems of state;

Any mortal sufficient to crush;

But first of the troubles to harass the great

Is a limerick halted by—hush

Is a limerick stopped by a blush.

You start—

And it is ended, thus:

By circumstance "fortuitous."

Suggestion for a Democratic Campaign Issue: Open Limericks, Openly Arrived At.

Harvard astronomers are watching a celestial conflagration which happened so far from this world that the light rays have just reached us after 200,000 years. Inversely, in a few more centuries, perhaps the Martians will enjoy a little speculative gossip as to what is causing the big flare-up on the Planet, Earth. And it will be Emperor Nero's jazzy bonfire at Rome. Like an order in a restaurant, the light rays are "on the way."

THE UNSUSPICIOUS SAMARITAN

THE Good Samaritan—or his latter-day successor—was motoring down an unfrequented road in a not especially far country.

And suddenly, by the roadside, he saw the form of a man, apparently unconscious. He appeared to have been beaten up and robbed.

The Good Samaritan stopped his car and went to the unfortunate man's aid. Rolling up his coat, he made a pillow for his

head. With a couple of spare handkerchiefs, he bandaged a slight cut upon his brow. The man stirred.

"Whiskey," he murmured hoarsely.

Whereupon the Good Samaritan—or his latter-day successor—took a silver flask from his hip-pocket and, removing the stopper, held it to the man's lips.

No sooner had the liquor touched them than the recipient of the Samaritan's first-aid sprang to his feet and blew a police whistle. Two Federal sleuths jumped from the bushes by the roadside.

"Arrest this fellow," he cried. "I charge him with carrying liquor in violation of the Volstead act."

And it was the fifth Good Samaritan that the zealot, by the same ruse, had caught that week.

Perhaps you know of a case like this. We do. The trap was baited by a woman, supposedly unconscious from an auto accident. The Samaritan, in this instance, was the proprietor of a small country hotel, suspected of being a "speakeasy." The woman's companions, literally begging for stimulants, worked upon his sympathies. He fell for it. They got him.

Ours, as has been rather frequently remarked, is a land of opportunity. And there now is widespread opportunity for a class that hitherto had been denied recognition. Namely, sneaks. The boy in school whose delight it is to tattle, to raise his hand and tell who "did it," should no longer be scorned or discouraged. His talents should be developed. The demand bids fair to outstrip the supply. A revenue officer, trailing a moonshine still in the Tennessee mountains, must be a brave man, and as ready to take a bullet as to give one. His is a he-man's job. But with the Government embarrassed by the colossal cost of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment, there are countless openings unaccompanied by risk which volunteers might fill, and via which, rise to eminence in the service. Feigning injury in order to get Volstead evidence is pleasant work for one temperamentally fitted for it. About the only risk is the risk of one stiff punch from the good Samaritan before the bracelets are slipped on him.

THE CAMEL SAID IT

The Camel whose back was broken

By the weight of that famed "last straw,"

Lay blinking his eyes in a haze of surprise,

For this was the sight he saw,

The remarkable sight he saw:

A biped called the Consumer,

And bearing a ponderous pack!

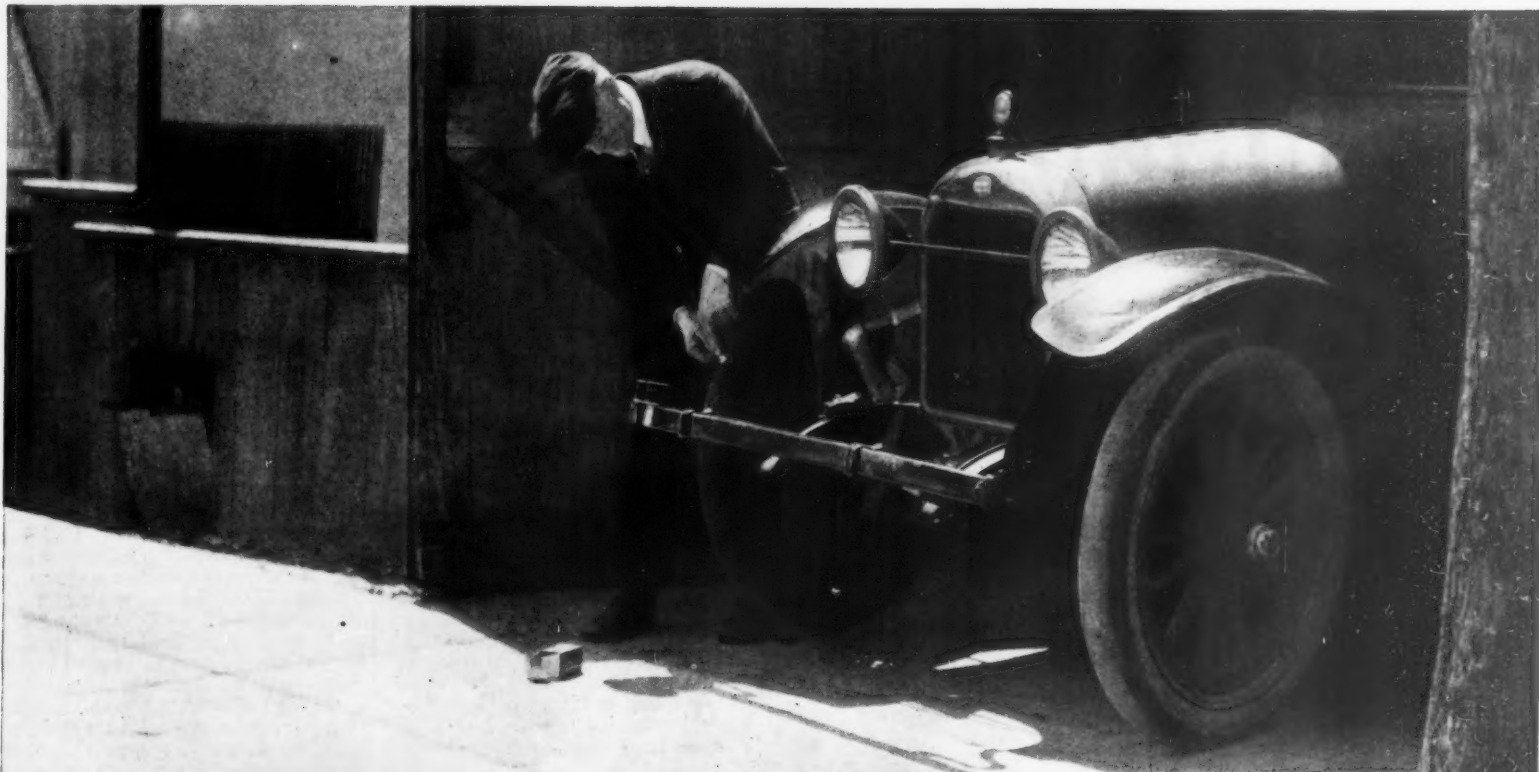
As he envying stared, the Camel declared:

"Now, THERE is a back that's a

BACK!

I could laugh at last straws with HIS

back!"



Cleaning Cut with Gasoline



Coating with Cement



Wadding In the Putty

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Your Part in Goodyear's Plan of Service

"I believe the use of Goodyear Tire Putty and Cement has helped me to get more than 4,000 miles extra from one of my tires. The Goodyear people persuaded me to buy and keep the Tire Putty Outfit in my car and showed me how to use it. I'm glad they did, because I sealed a bad 2½-inch glass-cut with this putty. Since then the tire has given 5,000 more miles and is still in service, although it surely wouldn't have lasted for 1,000 miles except for the use of the putty."—C. A. Seelman, 5629 Drexel Avenue, Chicago

THERE are included in the Goodyear Service Plan three fundamental elements: the building of a fine tire, its convenient distribution, and an effort to help users exact every possible mile. The first element is accomplished in the Goodyear factories, where every phase of manufacture is so safeguarded that in use these tires will protect our good name.

The second element, that of convenient distribution, is effected through those thousands of Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere who deem your satisfaction the most valuable factor in their business.

The third element in the plan endeavors to increase tire mileage for

the user, and is most effective in those cases where the user lends it his full support.

So, Goodyear Dealers teach the causes of premature tire failure; they provide lessons on tire care; they will supply you with Goodyear Tire Savers and teach you how to use them.

Your part in this plan is to take advantage of their advice and carry tire savers in your car, so that when necessary, you can repair tire injuries either on the road or in your own garage.

At the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer, ask for advice and for the six Goodyear lessons on tire care; and stock your car with tire savers—these provide the means to greater tire mileage.

GOODYEAR

TIRE SAVERS

\$100 REWARD

One hundred dollars (\$100) reward will be paid by the Security Manufacturing Co. for the arrest and conviction on the charge of grand larceny, or other felony charges, of any one operating an automobile guarded by a Security Auto Theft-Signal, or tampering with the Theft-Signal, or trying to remove it from the wheel of the car without the proper key.

Over 200,000 Cars now protected ag inst theft

The Security Auto Theft-Signal is a bright red enameled, pointed metal shackle that should be attached to the right front wheel of your car. Other devices have proven unsuccessful. This system is the one *proven* way to protect cars against theft.

Security Auto Theft-Signal

If a thief attempts to drive off with a car guarded by the Security Auto Theft-Signal, or even tamper with this Theft-Signal, he attracts attention of police, detectives and public. Every man woman and child now guards the car equipped with this Theft-Signal.

The Security Auto Theft-Signal doesn't interfere with any working part of your machine.

No installation cost. No muss or bother. Instantly put on and taken off by the owner only. Locked in a second by a 5-pin tubular lock. Police Departments throughout the United States and Canada are well informed of this unfailing system.

There is a *style* and *size* to fit your car. If your dealer can't supply you, write your nearest distributor, or us.

FACTORY DISTRIBUTORS

Security Sales Corporation, New York, N. Y.
Campbell Motors Corporation, Boston, Mass.
A. T. S. Sales Corporation, Buffalo, N. Y.
Security Signal Sales Corporation,
Wilmington, Del.
Security Theft-Signal Co., Atlanta, Ga.
U. S. Buick Co., Miami, Fla.
Security Auto Theft-Signal Sales Co.,
Detroit, Mich.
D. E. Holmes, Cincinnati, Ohio
Security Sales Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

J. H. Weber, Indianapolis, Ind.
Security Sales Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Security Sales Co., Kansas City, Mo.
The Campbell Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Auto Security Sales Co., Des Moines, Iowa
Auto Theft-Signal Co. of Texas, San
Antonio, Texas
Auto Wheelbarrow Co., Denver, Colo.
Montana Hardware Co., Butte, Mont.
Auto Theft-Signal Sales Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURER

Security Auto Theft-Signal Co. of Canada, Ltd., Downsview, Ontario

SECURITY MFG. CO. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Leave It to Angel-Face

(Continued from page 73)

Wilson. Inning after inning rolled by scoreless, with both clubs putting up a superb defense and the two pitchers working slowly and carefully. The Tiger slabster was using speed, speed and still more speed. "Long Tom" nursed his strength carefully, profited by his knowledge of the kind of balls his former team mates did not like, and mixed up an occasional spitter with tantalizing curves and a change in pace. He was matching his experience against "Lefty" Wilson's youthful strength and ability.

Not until the seventh inning did the break come. Two errors behind Henderson put Tiger runners on first and third, and the first run of the game was registered on a sacrifice fly to the outfield. "Long Tom" retired the next two men on strikes.

"Never mind," consoled "Brick" McGovern, "we'll get it back"; and the Wolves *did* get the run back with two slashing drives along the right field foul line in quick succession.

Instantly, the stubby figure of Andy Lawlor rose from the Tigers' dugout. He waved a hand peremptorily, and "Lefty" Wilson folded up his glove, stuffed it in his hip-pocket and trotted from the field. Carlisle, lanky right-hander and master of a baffling "hop," walked out to replace him. It was the first move of either manager to replace any one, and it showed that the Tiger leader was taking no chances.

The switch from a left-hand delivery to a pitcher with the opposite swing, checked the Wolf attack and the two clubs went into the ninth inning with the score tied, and excitement at its highest.

Despite "Erick" McGovern's wild exhortations, the Wolves could only get a man as far as second in their half of the ninth and when they took the field the crowd was on its feet yelling for the Tigers to come to life.

"Can you hold them, Tom?"

McGovern's deep-lined face was anxious as he walked out on the diamond with the pitcher, patted him on the shoulder and started to retire to his post of observation.

"I'm doing my best, 'Brick,'" responded "Long Tom," and added under his breath, "I wish I wasn't."

The mysterious quality known as "the breaks," by which the wheel of baseball fortune stops and moves, again entered into the situation and this time it operated in favor of the men who wore the black and yellow stripes of the Bengal tribe.

Patterson, a left-hand hitter, was saved from a strike-out by the catcher's failure to hold a foul tip that marked a third strike. The next instant Patterson slashed viciously at a "grooved" ball and sent it screaming over first base.

The ball curved sharply in the wind, struck fair by inches only, and bounded off against the bleachers, recoiling sharply and away from the pursuing fielder. Before it had been returned to the infield, Patterson slid safely into third. The bleachers let loose a tornado of noise. The grandstand rocked.

Henderson tightened his belt, methodically adjusted his cap and studied the next batter. It was "Swede" Jensen, shortstop. "Long Tom" fed him two fast balls that cut the inside corner and drove him back from the plate and then put three high and on the outside. Jensen fanned.

The Wolf pitcher looked expectantly at the enemy's bench. As he anticipated, "Rube" Masterson, the best pinch-hitter in the Coast League, was being sent up in place of Carlisle.

Masterson swung at the first ball pitched. It came to him waist high and flashed back—a line drive over "Long Tom's" head. The big pitcher felt on the instant that the game was lost and he wondered at the absence of any bitterness—but the incipi-

ent roar of triumph from the crowd was cut short as Barry, the Wolf shortstop, leaping high in the air stabbed the ball with his gloved hand. Patterson had barely time to scramble back to third to avoid the double play.

"Atta boy, Jim," said "Long Tom"; "great work, we'll get them yet."

Again he took up his position mechanically. Two out, the ninth inning, Patterson on third, and the pennant hanging on the next play.

There was a sudden commotion on the Tiger bench. Lathrop was holding a consultation with his men. Kilgore, whose turn it was to bat, stood uncertainly looking at the cluster of men near the bench. Suddenly a decision was reached, the conference melted and a slender, familiar figure swinging a short and chunky black bat came running forward. The crowd recognized the player and shrieked approval.

"Randall," bawled the umpire, "Randall batting for Kilgore."

The thing which "Long Tom" Henderson had dreaded most had come to pass. With everything depending upon the result, Andy Lawlor had pinned his faith on his young catcher—given him the chance to hit safely in the forty-seventh straight game—sent him up, sore finger and all, to get the hit that meant both a pennant and the world's record.

Henderson's eyes searched the grandstand for a familiar figure he had located early in the afternoon. He caught it again, a bright blue dress and a bobbing summer hat—Angel-Face was watching—probably praying for "Babe" to win the fame and glory all his friends had predicted for him.

"Long Tom" stalled deliberately, digging with the cleats of one shoe at an imaginary rock in the soft dirt of the pitcher's box. A scant sixty feet from him, "Babe" Randall, as loyal a friend as he had ever known, waited with his feet braced, his lithe body coiled like a spring, and the bat jerking nervously over and across the plate. The pitcher stole a glance at the youngster from under his visor, and fancied that the boy's face looked pale and strained. He wondered whether "Babe" had volunteered to bat or had been ordered up, and if the latter case whether the youngster felt as he himself did.

From his position back of the catcher, Umpire Tim Riordan waved a watch at "Long Tom" Henderson.

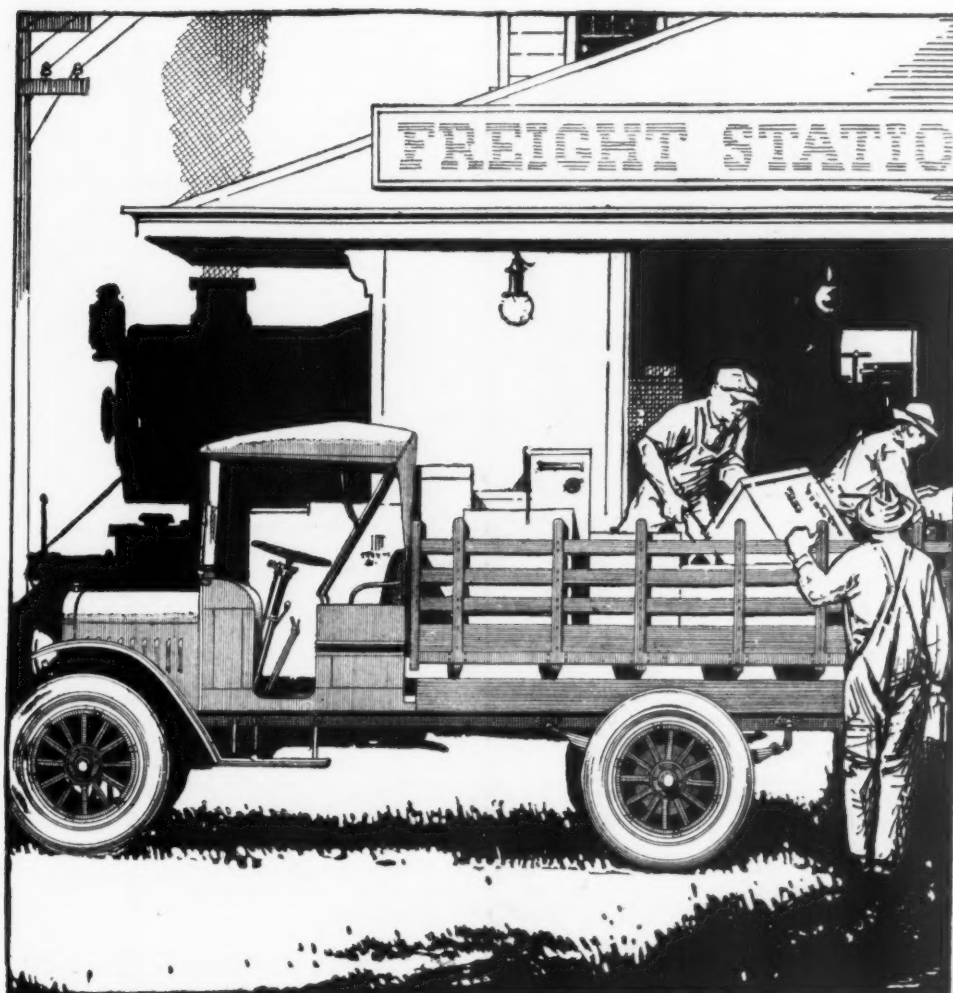
"Two minutes," he yelled, "go on and pitch—what do you think this is?"

The man in the center of the diamond did not answer. He was busy revolving an idea that had suddenly occurred to him. If he knew "Babe" Randall's weakness, he *also* knew his strength. A fast ball across the shoulders and a little close to the body—no one needed ever suspect—and the Kid would get his record, his bonus—and Angel-Face would be happy. What girl could resist a hero such as "Babe" would be with a pennant-winning hit!

Henderson turned his back on the plate and looked over the outfield. His teammates were all in position, crouched low with their eyes appealing on him. From every side, encouraging cries came to him. "Pitch to him, Tom, pitch to him, old boy," they called; "we're back of you—don't mind the crowd. Heads up, fellows."

Over on the bench, "Long Tom" knew that "Brick" McGovern was watching—warm-hearted, generous, game old "Brick" McGovern who believed in him. And at that instant the Wolf twirler knew that he was going to pitch better than he had ever done in his life. All the training which the diamond had given him in the years of his service; all his love of clean sport and his natural instinct to win came to his rescue.

(Concluded on page 94)



Of 25 well-known trucks a
MAXWELL

was the only one to complete this gruelling trip

Recently twenty-five trucks were engaged in contest in Louisiana. Rain fell in torrents, mud was deep and road conditions almost insurmountable.

A Maxwell was the first truck to reach the half-way point—Baton Rouge. Only eleven others got this far; some more than 12 hours late, and after aid had been furnished by the Maxwell.

So difficult were the road conditions that

the return trip was narrowed down to only three starters.

Of these the Maxwell was the only truck to reach New Orleans, the destination.

No matter what the road conditions may be the Maxwell truck the world over is daily rendering a type of service that is difficult to match.

1½-ton capacity. Worm drive. 10-foot loading space.

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Maxwell Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario

Maxwell Motor Sales Corporation, Export Division, 1808 Broadway, New York

An Improvement

Have you tried a pair of our new Cat's Paw Heels—the black Cat's Paws?

We're always on the lookout for ways to make these good heels better—and they are our latest achievement.

They have all the old, well-liked features.

There are no holes to track mud or dirt.

And they're the heels that give you walking-safety, because



The Foster Friction Plug
—prevents slipping

It also increases the life of the heel. Insist on Cat's Paws—black, white or tan—for men, women and children.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.
Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

Leave It to Angel-Face

(Concluded from page 92)

Suddenly Henderson's long arm flashed back and forward. It was a surprise delivery and it caught the batter napping. The ball crossed the plate at Randall's knees.

"Strike," yelled Riordan.

The next two were spitters that broke on the outside. Randall fouled off the fourth offering.

"Strike two. Two and two."

The tumult dwindled to an expectant hush.

Randall passed the palm of his left hand across the bosom of his shirt. It was apparently nothing more than a nervous movement, but the quick eye of the veteran pitcher detected a significance in the movement. He saw Patterson crouched, not flat-footed, but on toes that were pointed toward the plate. In a flash he understood the play. "Babe" was going to hunt the ball and try to beat the throw to first. Patterson would score with the winning run. Randall even with an injured finger could manage a swinging bunt to the pitcher, and that was "Long Tom's" weakness—fielding a bunted ball.

For a brief moment, "Long Tom" appeared to hesitate, but it was only the better to steady himself. The youngster facing him, he knew, wanted above all else a straight ball, waist high, not too fast and on the inside corner where he could deflect it slowly along the ground in the direction of third. That was precisely the ball "Long Tom" resolved to throw.

Henderson's loose-jointed form assumed its familiar position in the box. Three times he shook his head at the catcher's signal. Finally he nodded, swung back in a quick motion and sent the ball low and sure toward the batter's waist. "Babe" saw it coming, his bat dropped into position, clicked lightly and he was off like the wind. It was a perfect bunt but the crowd, electrified into triumph, babbled incoherently as they noted what happened.

Quick as Randall had been, some one on that ball field had moved faster, and that some one was "Long Tom" Henderson. His long legs had taken him into position and he was there waiting for the ball when it rolled toward him. He got his fingers on the ball, straightened up, and with the roar of twenty thousand voices in his ears saw the racing figure of "Babe" Randall a scant twenty feet from first base.

"You're out, 'Babe,'" he muttered hoarsely, and put all he had in the throw. He felt something tear in his shoulder, and stood there with his legs apart, panting—waiting for the verdict. The ball thudded into the outstretched glove of Daley at first, a fifth—a tenth—a twentieth of a second ahead of "Babe" Randall's flying figure, but ahead—of that "Long Tom" was sure. The swift intuition came that it was too close—would "Bull" Feeney have the nerve to call it?

Henderson caught the look, swift as the flash of a bird's wing, that passed over the umpire's face—a look of panic—and knew that he was lost. "Bull's" right hand made an involuntary movement toward his shoulder, reversed itself and he spread both hands out before him, palms down.

"Safe!" he cried.

A mist appeared before "Long Tom's" eyes. The shouting of thousands of delirious men and women came to him as the booming distant surf. Dully he thought of "Babe" Randall's words on the night they had consulted the ouija board. "She's going to marry 'Bull' Feeney—he's been umpiring twenty years and all he knows is 'safe.'"

He was aware finally that he was walking toward the clubhouse through a tide of fans who had surged over the field, and that "Brick" McGovern was at his side. The game was over—"Babe" Randall had his forty-seventh hit—The Tigers had the pennant—Angel-Face would be—

"Heads up, big fellow," said McGovern, "you pitched a fine game. It wasn't your fault."

"I had him nailed, 'Brick.' He was out."

"I know it, Tom—Feeney didn't have the nerve. Next year we'll win so far that all the umps in the country can't hold us."

"I'm through, 'Brick.'"

"Can that stuff," remonstrated McGovern. "You're still the best pitcher in the league."

"Long Tom" shook his head. "I'm through," he repeated dully. "I threw my arm out on that last play."

He undressed and spent ten minutes on the rubbing-table. When he was half way into his street clothes, the door to the clubhouse opened and "Babe" Randall beckoned to him. He completed his toilet and went out.

"Tom," said the new holder of the world's record for consecutive hitting games, "'Bull' is as blind as a bat. I was out."

"No, you weren't," contradicted the pitcher. "You were safe. 'Babe,' I wanted to see you make that hit—and I'm sorry I come so close to nailing you."

"Huh," commented the catcher, "do you know that I went up there intending to strike out? Well, I did—and something says to me, 'play it straight, 'Babe,' old Tom would rather have it that way. So I did!"

"And you were safe, 'Babe.'"

"I was not—I leave it to Angel-Face."

"Angel-Face?"

"Sure—she's waiting with 'Pop'—down at the ticket office. I told her I'd get you."

The pitcher flushed uneasily. "Why me?"

"Why not?" asked "Babe"; "she's been asking for you for two weeks, every night. You're not mad at her?"

"Mad?" ejaculated "Long Tom," "mad? Gosh!"

They found Norah and "Pop" Dugan in the little room in the rear of the secretary's office. As soon as they straggled through the door, Angel-Face brushed past her father and went straight up to "Long Tom" Henderson, putting a small white hand on each of his coat lapels.

"Tom, he is out; it is you they ought to be cheering."

"You see?" said "Babe" Randall. "That's just where I stand—not 'was out,' but 'is out.'" He grinned mischievously.

"But, girlie," protested "Long Tom," "even if 'Bull' was a little careless, you mustn't advertise the fact. The decision stands and 'Babe' is a world beater. The Giants have bought him—you can go to New York—think what that means."

Norah Dugan stamped her foot. "I don't want to go to New York, or Boston, or anywhere else," she cried. "I want a farm—with a little bungalow on a hill—among the cottonwoods—and forty acres of—of—rich soil and—if some one don't say something real quick—I'm going to c-cry right here."

"Long Tom" Henderson contrived somehow to take Angel-Face in his arms and kiss her. He was still dazed with the wonder and glory of it all.

"And you're not going to the majors?" he stammered.

"Why, certainly, dear," protested Angel-Face; "we're both going when 'Babe' catches for the next world's series. We'll go on our hands and knees, if necessary."

"Oh, Norah, girlie—and I wanted you so—I need you." "Long Tom" Henderson was returning to consciousness.

Angel-Face smiled wisely. "That's what helped me decide, Tom. The majors need 'Babe'—and you need me—so I called the play the best I could."

"And that," said "Pop" Dugan, "is the best decision of the afternoon."

Careless!

By HARRY BOTSFORD

DURING the late war, we read the daily casualty lists with bated breath. Even today the average American points with mingled pride and sadness to the total deaths our nation suffered on the battlefield as proof of the magnitude of our losses. The sum total represents the loss of 47,049 lives.

But during the same period in which the above number of good and loyal Americans lost their lives abroad, our loss here at home through preventable accidents was almost three times the number of lives lost in battle. Think of it! While 50,000 Americans died in battle, over 126,000 died in accidents in this country!

Too many of us have considered war as the most deadly thing in the world. Too many of us consider accidents as a rarity. But, as a matter of fact, the popular conception should be reversed.

During the war-time period alone, industrial workers lost 35,000 workers by accidents that resulted in loss of life. Is this not a terrible toll for a period of nineteen months? And yet these accidents were so scattered and given the smallest amount of publicity, compared with the hunched lists of our soldier dead that the average American failed to notice the number.

And outside of industrial life, there were 91,000 lives lost in various ways. And 25,000 children were killed by accident!

How do people lose their lives by accident? In a multitude of ways. But the entire loss was due to carelessness. As a national loss, the accident toll must be reckoned with. Without going into detail of the economic value of human life, it is evident that the loss of 126,000 lives in nineteen months constitutes a constant and ever-increasing drain on our national human wealth that cannot be overlooked.

"Charged with carelessness!" The American people stand charged and convicted by these figures. Too anxious and too willing to take a chance! In too big a hurry to use ordinary horse-sense! Too little care given to the care and teaching of caution to children!

As a nation, we need a course in the cultivation of caution as a habit. Nothing will repay us so well. And until we do cultivate caution as a habit, we must go on, living in an age when our national life is less safe than life was in the trenches of France.

Let's learn to cultivate caution as a habit.

There Is Hope

*T*HERE is hope for those who stumble and fall
And have still the courage to rise;
They journey on with a watchful step
And see through kindlier eyes.
For the mountain peak would not seem so high
Were it not for the valley between,
And lofty thoughts would inspire us less
If we had not known the mean.

*T*here is hope for those who face the storm
With a strong and steadfast trust;
Who wait for the dawn with confidence
And turn from the blinding dust
To scan the heavens expectantly—
They shall not look in vain.
Such souls are lifted above the stress,
And strength is born of their pain.

*T*here is hope for those who try again,
Who will not yield to despair,
Who make of failure a stepping-stone
To mount life's winding stair.
For the morning star shall sing for them,
And the rose shall bare its heart,
The hills shall be glad because of them,
And the rivers of hope shall start.

VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE.



*America's First
Cord Tire*

**Your Goodrich Dealer
offers you a *Silvertown
Cord Tire* with the
conscious pride that a
good merchant has in
a *good* product.**

Goodrich Tires

Best in the Long Run



The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company Akron, Ohio

Adjustment Basis: Silvertown Cords, 8000 Miles; Fabric Tires, 6000 Miles



AT THE seashore or at home, whether the water is hard or soft, girls who are careful about their hair agree that the most easily used and effective hair cleanser is—

CANTHROX SHAMPOO

Proper care makes and keeps the hair attractive, develops the life, luster and natural wave and gives a clean, luxuriant appearance. Canthrox has been for years the favorite of those who want to bring out all the beauty of their hair, because it so rapidly softens and entirely removes every particle of dandruff, excess oil and dirt, at the same time giving such a massy fluffiness to the hair that it appears much heavier than it really is, while each strand has silky bright softness and the scalp is left pliant and comfortable.

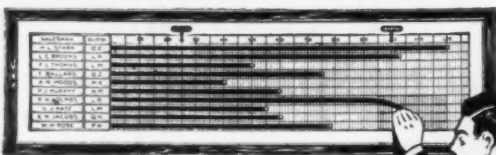
For Sale at all Drug Stores

Canthrox costs about three cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less. A few minutes only are required for its use. You simply moisten the head with Canthrox and rinse it thoroughly, after which the hair dries quickly.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 144, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP RIVALRY KEEN

among your workers by visualizing their records on this Movable-Bar Chart.



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Solid colors, will not peel or scratch, 2 sizes. Send \$1.00 for Big Trial Outfit containing 100 map pins and other marking devices, sales maps, charting papers, curve cards, EDEXCO map mount, 2 catalogs—GRAPHIC Supplies and Mechanical Graphs—Service Sheet No. 4 and special Instruction Sheet on Starting and Keeping Graphic Records. Catalog alone sent free. Please say which.

"Say it with Flowers"

A Better Days' Work is the contribution of Flowers to the business world's efficiency. See what a difference they'll make on your desk. It's good business to remember your customers with Flowers through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association

THIS amusing picture, in full colors, 9 x 12, mounted on a heavy mat, ready for the frame, will be sent postpaid for

25 Cents

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225 Fifth Avenue New York City

Prophy-lactic
Tooth Brush

The one with the popular reputation. Your dentist will tell why.

The Melting-Pot

BREAD has been selling in Irkutsk, Siberia, at 250 rubles a pound. The people say, however, that a dear loaf is better than none.

We read of the introduction for the first time of a "Dry Bill" in the Chamber of Deputies of Argentina, but of course, that isn't a double for Mr. Bryan.

Doleful results of a shortage of paper in Soviet Russia: Circulation of newspapers curtailed and the steady increase of ship-plaster rubles seriously lessened.

Madrid lately suffered so severely from lack of water, due to interruption of the service, that the most radical "wets" in the city were glad when "Adam's ale" again became plentiful.

Federal Surgeon General Cummings, when questioned about the cause of the bubonic plague in our gulf ports, exclaimed, "Rats," and urged wholesale extermination of the rodents.

A British fleet lately bombarded a town in Asia Minor and killed one thousand fighting Turks. If this process should continue long enough, a mandate for Turkey would be a dead proposition.

The British Labor Party declares that "the Irish people have a right to decide for themselves what their form of government shall be." But who are the Irish people—the Ulsterites or the South-of-Irelanders?

There was great yearning for a Calvin Coolidge at Albany, N. Y., recently where the unionized street-cleaners went on strike for weeks and the sympathizing firemen refused to use the hose for flushing the dirty thoroughfares.

"The President of the Republic of Ireland," temporarily "a man without a country," and existing in the United States, has been rabidly abjured by a wing of the American Sinn-Fein. The "fighting race" maintains its traditions.

Senator Harding the other day played a magnificent golf game, strong both at the start and at the finish. Ex-Senator Bourne declared that Harding would play the political game in the same successful fashion, and putt his opponent in a hole.

The four thousand families of Mexican political refugees who have been living for six years in New York and vicinity are preparing to return to their re-revolutionized country. Being partly Americanized they should prove a beneficent leaven in their own land.

When \$35 and up was charged for tickets to the opera in which Caruso made his farewell appearance in Havana, music lovers there protested against this profiteering in a necessary of life, and the protest was afterwards emphasized by the explosion of a bomb in the theater.

The Attorney-General's office at Washington has come to the relief of the country by ruling that women's hats are a necessary of life and, therefore, profiteering in them is unlawful. This anti-profiteering innovation in the millinery trade destroys a vested right dating back to time immemorial.

The American Federation of Labor in session at Montreal voted by an overwhelming majority in favor of Government ownership of railroads, though President Sam Gompers vigorously opposed this proposition as Plumb wrong, tending to make the Government the owner of the workers.

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A Page of Italy's History

By BARON EUGENE DE SCHELKING

ITALY recently celebrated the centenary of the birth of Victor Emmanuel II, the great sovereign who united Italy, and whom his grateful people honor by calling him "Father of his Country" and "Regalantuomo."

Count Osten-Sacken, formerly ambassador of Russia in Berlin, who was my chief for fourteen years, had been chargé d'affaires of Russia in Turin and Florence from 1863 to 1868, and of course knew the king very well, who had a great affection for the count. The latter had written memoirs of his sojourn in Italy at a time which was such an interesting epoch. He never published his memoirs, for reasons unknown to me. Being on friendly terms with my esteemed chief, he gave me permission to read these memoirs and some of the parts which showed the intimate life of the great monarch. I will submit to the attention of readers of *LESIE'S* a few words concerning his reign.

Victor Emmanuel II was born March 14, 1820, and ascended the throne of Sardinia in 1849 after his father, Charles Albert, had abdicated in consequence of the unfortunate war with Austria. The young king then had only one fixed idea, the union of Italy, to which idea he vowed his whole existence, assisted by his two great ministers, D'Azeglio and Count Cavour. And, therefore, it was important to gain for his small kingdom a certain prestige and to find a place among the European powers. To this end, Victor Emmanuel joined the Franco-Anglo-Turkish coalition against Russia in 1855. His expeditionary force consisted of only 17,000 men, but it won him representation at the Congress at Paris. And so the first step had been taken. In his war against Austria, he won with the help of France in 1859, Lombardy, Tuscany and Sicily. Giuseppe Garibaldi, the national hero, conquered Naples for him, and as an ally of Prussia he won, in the war against Austria in 1866, the territory of Venice, one of the most beautiful jewels in Italy's crown. To complete the union of Italy only Rome stood in his path. In 1870, in the Franco-Prussian war, he won Rome by clearing the Eternal City of its French garrison, his former allies. The king died in 1878 after a glorious reign of nearly 30 years.

With free and easy manners, Victor Emmanuel combined a rare gift of diplomacy in covering his game. Here is an anecdote from Count Osten-Sacken's memoirs which will illustrate this point: It was just before the outbreak of the Austro-Prussian war, and, of course, it was a question if the king would take an active part or not. The diplomats accredited to the court made all efforts to inform themselves upon this question. The king had fixed his plans, and, according to his

orders, one of his ministers made the statement that Italy would enter into the war, while the other ministers denied it. Therefore, Mr. de Kisselov, the Russian minister, telegraphed his government that Italy would remain quiet and that his military agent, Col. de Richter, disagreed with him. When at last Italy declared war, Prince Gortschakoff, at that time Chancellor of Russia, enraged because he was misinformed by Kisselov demanded in plain words his explanation. Kisselov saved himself by a play of words which has become famous in the annals of diplomacy. He sent the prince the following telegram: "When I announced Italy would not march, I was not wrong, but when Richter stated the contrary, he was right. Details by courier." But this famous courier was never sent.

Very careful, in spite of an appearance as a man of quick resolutions, Victor Emmanuel had the talent to make use of capable collaborators, restricting them to the circle of his own will. He possessed a mind extraordinarily fine and succeeded in playing the men around him as if they were marionettes. While he made use of Garibaldi in 1861, he downed him in 1867. When this ebullient general intended to take Rome, which plan the king considered premature, without any scruples he abandoned the general to be defeated by the French troops. On the other hand, when the king thought the time ripe, he took Rome in 1870.

Victor Emmanuel started his day winter and summer at 6 a. m. After a frugal breakfast, he began to work at once. His chief meal was lunch, which he had served in his study. Next to his desk a table was placed, on which were served a large piece of beef, lamb or veal, vegetables, fruits and a bottle of sparkling wine. The king, who had an enormous appetite, after this meal slept in his chair. Although very fat, it is astonishing how long he escaped apoplexy. In spite of his intense work, the king, a great admirer of female beauty, found time to flirt, which gave him great pleasure, and thus he received the name, "Re Galantuomo."

One day Count Osten-Sacken received an invitation to visit the king informally. The count thought it best to dress himself as for an informal function. It was quite warm that day, and he found the king in his shirt-sleeves, showing his hairy breast uncovered. When the king saw the count in uniform he commenced to put on his own uniform, but the count begged of his Majesty not to take that trouble.

"You are very kind," said the king, "and I am glad to stay dressed as I am under the condition that you take off your uniform." The count obeyed, and the king and the envoy of another power discussed important matters in their shirtsleeves.

Russian Refugees

(Concluded from page 77)

Cross will assume some of the burden of alleviating the wretched condition of these refugees. If this report isn't true, heaven help them! The Germans can't help them beyond what they are doing. They haven't enough for their own people. In this mad world what's the use of arguing that we have no responsibility? Of course we couldn't rescue the entire world either politically or materially, even if we had the genius. But in the particular case of these refugees and ex-prisoners in Germany, the American Red Cross ought to have the genius for the job, as the knowing how, which comes from organizations, will be a big end of the work.

Any problem or any event touching

Russia seems always to be vast. The overwhelming tragedy of the countless Russian refugees flung upon the world is too big for any perspective. And yet these refugees are but one problem of the Russia of today and tomorrow. Perhaps one can begin to grasp the whole of the idea of Russia by piecing together the fragments of separate pictures. This is not according to the rules laid down in some philosophical text-books, but it may be practical. Without some understanding of Russia, the next couple of decades will seem even more of a nightmare than they promise to be—for the on-coming history of this harassed globe shows the shadow of being about five-sixths Russian—Russian and Asiatic.

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Why More Immigration?

By CHARLES AUBREY EATON

WE need a steady flow of immigrants to do our heavy work." With these words a speaker recently closed an argument in favor of practically unrestricted immigration.

It sounds simple enough, but is it as simple as it sounds? For the first fourteen years of this century about a million immigrants a year came into our country. Are these millions still doing "heavy" work or have they developed beyond such degrading experiences and become real white-collar folks, satisfied only with a soft job.

What guarantee have we that the new army of immigrants will stick to "heavy work?" And if they outgrow this class of work, as doubtless they will in one generation, shall we continue to fill their places by an unending stream of polyglot peoples?

The whole process is a deadly menace to the quality and permanence of our national life. What this method of settling our labor problems means is that we must scour the earth to find ignorant and unskilled laborers to do work that we have not the courage to do ourselves. The one qualification necessary for this class of immigrants is that he be unskilled and ignorant, without refinement or ambition.

That is to say we propose to make money by diluting the quality of our citizenship. The logic of the situation would indicate that we had better bring in Chinamen or coolies from India and keep them perpetually ignorant and unskilled instead of depending upon the lowest order of workers from Central Europe, who won't stay put once they come in contact with American liberty.

Labor, like Capital, is a national question of the most vital moment. Why not face the situation squarely and handle it with a view to keeping the nation American in character and mind?

We are proud of our educational system—but something is wrong with an education which trains boys and girls away from work and unfits them for the hard but honorable tasks which their parents were glad to do.

Let us revise our educational methods so that we can train our citizens to do any kind of work that needs to be done.

Then why not raise our own help in our own homes? What has happened to the precocity of a hundred millions of free people who cannot breed men enough to do their own hard work? Why import mixed breeds when we can raise thoroughbreds here at home?

Our whole industrial structure is due for a radical overhauling.

To begin with, we are wasting labor and money with insane prodigality in work that is wholly unnecessary and often harmful. We have too many frills and armaments. We are on the go all the time when we ought to stay at home and attend to our real business. We waste oceans of energy in meddling with our neighbors' business instead of minding our own.

There are industries like the mining of bituminous coal which could produce more with half their present force of workers if they were freed from artificial restrictions and were permitted to pay men only for what they do.

We use up too much labor and capital in useless pleasures. Our national effort is unbalanced, wasteful and barren of results, considering its cost. We manufacture too much shoddy cloth and poor leather and imitation jewelry and fancy substitutes for food. We encourage too many people to try to get a living without producing anything. And then having drained off our brains and brawn into this sunny desert of futility, we hurriedly hunt the earth to find enough ignorant people to do the real work we feel is beneath our dignity to do.

If we had more manhood, we could get along with less men.



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THE hearings on the rate question before the Interstate Commerce Commission seemed to an impatient business world to drag out needlessly. On the face of it the case for the railroads was so good that it was thought the commission would promptly allow higher charges for carriage of freight and passengers. Without the proposed addition to their revenues even the strongest roads might find it difficult to operate at an adequate profit. Not merely were the dividends to stockholders involved. These should of course be maintained in the interest of thrift and prosperity, stockholders having a right to proper returns on their investments. But beyond that, the transportation lines require additional money to extend their facilities, to better their service to the public, and they have to solve the problem of higher cost of materials, ranging from 100 per cent. to 300 per cent., and the swelling wages of labor. The advance demanded by the lately striking railroad workers, and a necessary concession by the Federal Railway Board, would be unpayable by most of the roads, or seriously embarrassing, without enhancement of income. This is so plain a business proposition that the wide opposition to the common-sense course was simply amazing.

Shippers in all parts of the country demand more efficient transport and yet because this will necessarily cost more than inadequate service many have protested against higher rates. Their attitude has been selfish and short-sighted. They have demanded more than they are willing to pay for and they seem to imagine that it is possible to compel the railroads to serve the nation without regard to the economic law which rules in all other branches of business. Starving and overloading a team of horses do not bring out their best work. The railroads must be well fed and their strength built up, or else the whole carrier system will go to smash. The principle of granting higher rates to offset mounting expenses was established during the period of Government control. Even a resort to Government ownership would not, as many shippers fancy, obvi-

ate increase of rates. The taxpayers would not stand for the virtual subsidizing of all the business of the country, such as a deficit in the earnings of Government-owned railroads would signify. The general weal requires that each business pay its own way, or cease to be.

Railroad rates in the United States are the lowest in the world—considering the quantity and the quality of the service rendered, and will be so with the increased rates in effect. The enterprises of the country can better afford to be assessed a little more than to have the carriers fall short of their full duty. Obstructed and inadequate transportation means signal detriment to business. It is strange that we have not all thoroughly learned this lesson, for we have had numerous distressing examples.

Not only do the individual interests of the shippers in the long run demand it, but also the common interest. A prosperous railway industry will be one of the greatest stimuli to prosperity that can be conceived of. A business in which has been invested \$20,000,000,000 cannot be suffered, much less forced, to go to rack and ruin without pulling down a vast portion of the remaining industries. It cannot succeed and not distribute immense sums to every section of the community. The railroad industry is too enormous and vital to be hampered and oppressed regardless of its needs and the exactions made of it. It serves all other industries, and these should be willing and anxious to have their faithful servitor well-nourished and well-groomed.

To insure success to the railroads and make possible the long-predicted rise in their securities, popular sentiment should bring itself to bear on the governmental regulators to induce them to foster this colossal industry in all just and reasonable ways.

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debt is now 30,000,000,000 lei (about \$6,000,000,000). Any bonds issued by the government would be of a very speculative character.

C., HARRISBURG, ILL.: Miami Copper at \$20 would be a desirable speculation were it certain that the price of copper would have a substantial advance. The future of the stock depends on the market for the metal. Estimates as to the life of the mine range from 14 to 20 years.

A., BALTIMORE, MD.: The City of Richmond, Va., 6 per cent. certificates of indebtedness are equivalent to bonds, and as the financial condition of the city is good you need not hesitate to buy the certificates. The certificates are due July 1, 1921 to 1929. Prices lately to yield from 5 3/4 per cent. to 6 1/4 per cent.

G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Both principal and interest of the 6 per cent. French railroad bonds are unconditionally guaranteed by the French Government. The dividends are exempt from French taxes. The bonds are in denomination of 500 francs and subject to drawing at par. Quoted at \$40 per bond of 500 francs.

C., BEE OAK, MICH.: Montgomery, Ward & Co. common stock should be a good long pull speculation, as the company apparently has a future. Public Service of New Jersey common is a good business man's purchase. People's Gas is not a dividend payer and it has had hard luck. I do not recommend purchase of its stock. It is too speculative at present.

H., READING, PA.: I do not advise purchase of the stock of any of the numerous glass casket concerns. None of them appears to be making much profit for stockholders. The preferred stock of the United Gas Improvement Co. would be a far better purchase. This company is an established dividend payer. First-class real estate first mortgage bonds are among the most desirable investments.

D., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.: Southern Railway pfd. is paying 5 per cent. on par (\$100). The dividend is exempt from Federal income tax. Southern Railway pfd. is a fairly good business man's investment, but Seaboard Air Line pfd., paying no dividends, and selling very low, is only a long pull speculation. The latest report that I have of the Durham Hosiery Co. is favorable.

B., CLEVELAND, OHIO: The Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee railroad ten-year 7 per cent. secured sinking fund gold notes, series A, are due June 1, 1930. The company serves one of the wealthiest and most rapidly growing of suburban communities. The notes are secured by deposit of mortgage bonds. Net income for the year ended May 31, was about twice interest charges. Quoted lately to yield about 8.2 per cent.

D., WILMINGTON, DEL.: The Republic of France 5 per cent. redeemable national loan of 1910 has a lottery feature in it. It is redeemable by semi-annual drawings the first to take place September 16, 1920. The redemption value is 1500 francs for each bond of 1000 francs. The bonds are exempt from French taxes. The subscription price was par, but payment was received in United States dollars based on the low rate of exchange.

M., PHILADELPHIA: Among the desirable 7 per cent. notes issued by leading railways are: N. Y. Central equipment trust, Southern Pacific equipment trust, Union Pacific equipment trust, Louisville and Nashville ten-year notes, Atlantic Coast Line ten-year notes, and Northern Pacific equipment trust. The new 7 per cent. railroad bonds include Pennsylvania R.R. ten-year, Chicago & Northwestern ten-year, and Delaware & Hudson ten-year. These may be obtained at about, or a little lower than, par.

C., NEW ORLEANS: The five-year 7 per cent. gold notes of the El Paso Electric Company are among the latest public utility issues making a high yield. The company provides street railway, lighting and commercial power service in El Paso, Texas, and Juarez, Mexico, and owns two toll bridges across the Rio Grande. The notes appear well secured. For the year ended May 31, 1920, the company's net earnings were five times interest charges. The company pays liberal dividends on stock. Price of notes to yield about 8 per cent.

New York, July 10, 1920. JASPER.

Free Booklets for Investors

Opportunities for investment in Nevada silver securities are offered by William Cheadle Borchers, 608-10 Trust and Savings Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif. Send for circular "L."

The manner in which Puts and Calls may be used for dealing in stocks and bonds is fully explained in booklet L sent free on request by William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York.

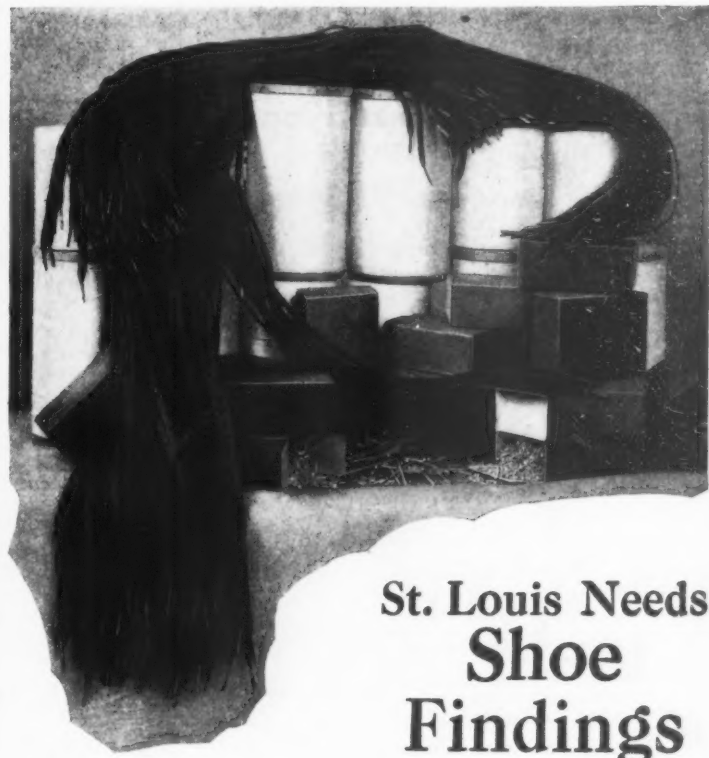
The Godfrey-Brewer Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, is distributing 6 per cent. mortgages on Oklahoma farms. It has on hand choice selections and will send its descriptive circular "L" to any interested investor.

Successful investors highly appreciate the "Bache Review," which gives them concise information and valuable hints. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Mortgages on Miami real estate, yielding 7 per cent. and amply secured, are dealt in by G. L. Miller & Co., Miami Trust Bldg., Miami, Fla. The company will send to any applicant booklet No. 61, entitled "Facing the Facts," and describing Miami's growth and exceptional investment opportunities.

No matter how far away you live, the Citizens Savings and Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, can serve you with its banking-by-mail system. The company pays 4 per cent. interest on deposits. It is one of the longest-established financial institutions in Ohio. Ask it to send you its interesting booklet "L."

Cities Service Company's June 1st dividend on preferred stock was received by over 19,000 holders of that issue. The number of persons who know



St. Louis Needs Shoe Findings

ST. LOUIS, the largest shoe center in the world, lacks factories for the manufacture of shoe findings—such as laces, threads, shanks, hooks, nails, tacks, eyelets, buttons, heels, rubber heels, cloth linings, etc. These products must now be bought in the East. Most of the raw materials are shipped from the Mississippi Valley, manufactured in the East, and shipped back to the world's greatest shoe city—St. Louis.

The output of shoes in St. Louis this year will total approximately \$175,000,000. The St. Louis shoe manufacturers spend more than \$10,000,000 annually for shoe findings. A Mid-West factory in St. Louis could supply the trade here and economically reach all Mississippi Valley, South, Southwest, Middle West, and Far West markets from this central distribution point. Shoe findings is but one of the following sixteen industries St. Louis is seeking:

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Farm implements
Rubber products
Screw machine products
Locomotive works
Blast furnaces
Cork products
Small hardware

Shoe laces and findings
Cotton spinning and textile mills
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Steel and copper wire
Machine tools and tool machinery
Automobile accessories and parts
Drop forge plants
Tanneries and leather products

Splendid St. Louis opportunities in these lines await enterprising men of practical experience and ample capital. The booklet, "St. Louis as a Manufacturing Center," will interest you. A letter will bring it. Address

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St. Louis, U. S. A.

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their appreciation of this investment stock is steadily increasing. Full particulars regarding it are given in circular P 21 which will be mailed to any address by Henry L. Doherty & Co., Bond Department, 60 Wall Street, New York.

Those desiring peace of mind with their investments will do well to consider the bonds safeguarded under the Straus plan, netting 6 per cent., well secured by valuable real estate, never changing in price, and with 4 per cent. of Federal income tax paid. A helpful July Investment Guide describing these bonds may be obtained by writing for booklet G-1003 to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, and Straus Bldg., Chicago.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York, with resources of over \$55,000,000, employs these to facilitate national and international commerce and industry. Its system of banking service is worldwide, and it offers its conveniences to any sound enterprises requiring them. These have been utilized

by hosts of business men and doubtless will be by many more. Those who desire the services of a bank of unquestionable strength and soundness should communicate with the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

No financial house in the country is better equipped to bring investors and investment opportunities together quickly and satisfactorily than the National City Company, National City Bank Bldg., New York. This responsible institution has more than fifty correspondent offices in leading cities, and trained experts in them all. The company deals in bonds, preferred stocks and acceptances and many attractive offerings appear in its current purchase sheet, which may be secured by writing for L. 136. The company also has prepared a book, "Men and Bonds," showing how it is to the interest of investors to consult and deal with a house of wide connections and making a broad range of offerings. For a copy of this book apply to the company for L. 139.

Stock Market in Presidential Years

WHILE political events are often reflected, to some extent, market-wise, the real movement of prices in the stock market finds its cause more in underlying economic conditions in their relation to general business. But whether or not the two are simply coincident, it is interesting at this time to note the course that the market has taken during previous Presidential years.

Wall Street is the pulse of the nation and the barometer of future events, which, in the fluctuations of the market, it discounts in advance. The high cost of living, excessive taxation, reckless expenditure of public funds, results of Federal operation of railroads and what is regarded as general Democratic inefficiency, are all influences which tend to forecast a Republican year in 1920. Wall Street is looking for a candidate capable of handling the gigantic problems of reconstruction that are now confronting us and feels that the present Administration is not equal to the task.

Looking backward to the year 1896, the first election of McKinley and the closing of the Cleveland Administration, we find the country emerging from the extreme business depression of the early nineties. The latter half of 1896, culminating in a Republican victory, reveals a distinct improvement in the market trend. The renomination of McKinley in 1900 and his reelection were followed by two years of rising prices in which the average for twenty railroad stocks advanced 56 points.

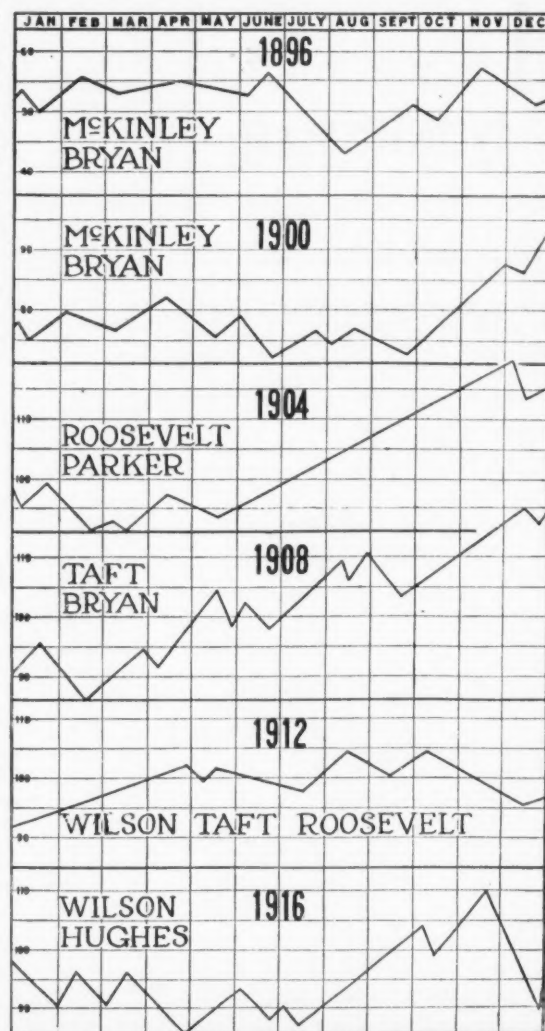
Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency after McKinley's death in September, 1901, and in June, 1904, Roosevelt was renominated. An upward swing in stocks followed and the advance was continued to January, 1906. In June, 1908, the nomination of Taft was followed by a rise in both rails and industrials for one and a half years.

Then came the nomination of Wilson, and before the Street had started to discount his election there was a moderate advance. Financial circles evidently were not certain of a Democratic victory until shortly before the election,

the small rise reflecting this uncertainty. Wilson's election, however, was followed by a protracted downward movement which lasted for nearly five years and culminated in the closing of the Stock Exchange when war in Europe was declared.

Wilson was renominated and elected in 1916. The general tendency of the market in this year, however, was decidedly upward both in the rails and (chiefly) in the industrials. Political events, though, were subordinated in this year to the tremendous war prosperity, 1916 having been the boom year of the war. Following Wilson's reelection and the famous "peace leak" late in 1916, there ensued a crash in security values which carried the averages down to the lowest levels in many years.

It may or may not be that the course of the market over the next four months will indicate the election results. However, election influences may be offset by the powerful factors underlying the market structure today: viz., money, labor, and the inevitable readjustment downward of commodity prices.



Course of Stock Prices in Six Campaigns



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